

# The Improvement ERA

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VOLUME 36 NUMBER 13

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## The Deseret News

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH



# The Improvement ERA



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Volume 36

NOVEMBER, 1933

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## ARTICLES

Restraints and Conventions—Why?	Pres. J. Reuben Clark	771
The Frontispiece	Mabel Frazer	773
What's in a Word	Elsie C. Carroll	777
Louisa May Alcott	L. D. Stearns	780
The Poetry of Childhood	Julia W. Wolfe	782
Brigham H. Roberts—A Tribute	T. Pauly	783
The Power of Truth	Wm. George Jordan	784
Angels and Amazons		796
Hiking Into History and Horticulture	Frank R. Arnold	798
Another Book Was Opened	T. J. Howells, M. D.	825

## FICTION

Cuthbert Tells the Truth	Estelle W. Thomas	774
Trumpets at Dusk	E. Gorton Covington	778
The Beloved Cinderella	Mary Imlay Taylor	788
Greenbacks and Quarterbacks	Samuel Taylor	792

## POETRY

Waterton-Glacier Peace Park	C. Frank Steele	776
November Moon	Leone E. McCune	786
Afterglow	Rachel Grant Taylor	787
Hallow'e'en	Algie Hubert	797
Alone	Virginia Eggertson	799
Knowing	G. Selander	807
Faith	Catherine E. Berry	820
My Favorite Topic	L. Paul Roberts	821
Sympathy	Miranda Walton	823
The Love of the Storm	Aurelia Poyer	826

## EDITORIALS

Let Us Give Thanks	H. R. Merrill	800	President Franklin D. Roosevelt says:	801
New General Authorities		800	Alonzo Baker says:	801
Should We Welcome or Avoid a Pestilence	H. R. Merrill	800	President Grant says:	801
Henry Grady, Though Dead, Speaks Again		801		

## DEPARTMENTS

Book Reviews	802	M Men—Gleaners	815
Lights and Shadows on the Screen	803	M Men	815
Priesthood—Melchizedek	808	Gleaners	816
Aaronic	810	Juniors	817
"Be of Good Cheer"—Ward Teachers' Message	810	Vanguards	817
Executive	813	Bee-Hive Girls	818
Adults	813	Boy Scouts	819
Seniors	814	Your Page and Ours	832

## A MAGAZINE FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

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*"The Furon," by Mabel Frager*



# Restraints and Conventions—Why?

By

PRESIDENT J. REUBEN CLARK, JR.

I HAVE been asked to write something for the young people of the Church. I am happy to give a few thoughts by way of suggestion.

If I were asked to name what I considered to be the most outstanding trend of modern life, particularly among the young people, I think I would say it is the rebellion against the restraints and conventions of our present life, whether those restraints and conventions affect our physical, intellectual, or spiritual activities and being. Some may say this rebellion shows merely a wish for greater liberty; others may consider it a destructive demand for complete license. As frequently happens, neither extreme view seems wholly right. The truth probably lies somewhere between.

To reach a reasonably sound conclusion as to the rightfulness or wisdom upon the whole general question of restraints and conventions, as also upon any particular restraint or convention, one must not lose sight of certain basic considerations.

To begin with, I am justified in saying that one may properly look closely at any proposed new "freedom" from restraint or convention in order to learn what if any personal interest the advocate of the proposal has therein. Personal observation supports the statement that he who speaks for the tearing down of convention and the doing away with restraint may be one who wishes to escape the odium of some defect of his own habit or character, by having everyone else either become as he is or take his point of view. The fable of the fox with the short tail, is in point.

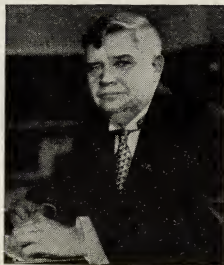
It must ever be remembered that the testimony of an interested witness may be always, and justifiably, scrutinized to determine its value. The proposal by a thief—under trial for grand larceny—that the restraint of the law of honesty be abolished, is not worthy of serious consideration.

A proposal that existing re-

straints and conventions shall be abolished, is a proposal which obviously may not be wisely settled by a flat "yes" or "no." Each proposal to wipe out a particular convention or to demolish a particular restraint must be examined on its own merits before a wise conclusion can be reached thereon. Certainly some conventions and restraints must be retained; it is equally certain that others might be changed or abolished. The restraint which forbids murder may not be safely abandoned; the convention which prescribes the difference between dinner jacket and full evening dress might be forgotten.

ANY suggestive discussion of this subject might assume that, broadly speaking at least, there are certain things in our civilization, culture, and religion which everyone will admit are either desirable, or necessary, or both, to retain.

We may take, as a premise, that there are certain virtues, which we should possess and retain as good citizens, as upright men and women, and as members of civilized society. Among such virtues we might perhaps list certain "thou shalt nots" of the Decalogue—thou shalt not kill, nor steal, nor lie, nor commit adultery, and to the virtues so negatively commanded, might be added affirmatively, the need for industry and sobriety. These virtues are named because looking at mankind as a whole and at the Christian nations particularly, these characteristics seem to be basic to their civilization. They seem to be equally basic to any form of orderly society of which we can conceive. For if every person murdered and robbed and lied and



President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.

*President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., second counselor in the First Presidency of the Church, has been introduced to readers of The Improvement Era (see the September, 1933, number) by President Briant S. Hinckley. In this article, written expressly for The Improvement Era, he has expressed his views on a subject which, in these questioning times, has frequently been discussed especially by the young. "Why these restraints?" the youth asks. President Clark has replied in a most logical and friendly manner. We commend the article to all those who sometimes are led to wonder if the "strait and narrow path," after all, is the path which leads to the abundant life.*

loafed and caroused, if there were an indiscriminate association of the sexes, no ordered society could exist, and without such society we have scant ground for hoping, and no ground for believing, that humanity could escape becoming merely animal.

So, if the foregoing considerations are sound, we may affirm, as a necessary conclusion, that organized society demands some restraints and some conventions. How much and what, of either or both, is a more difficult question, and the answer to the question will in some measure depend upon the persons and people affected and their state of civilization and righteousness. The greater the civilization and righteousness which a person or a people shall possess, the less will be the need of restraint and convention.

THE qualities or virtues just named have obviously much if not most to do with what might be considered the moral side of our lives as distinguished from the merely animal side. But, in fact, it is the moral side of our natures which makes us more than mere animals.

Some have a disposition to resent any moral convention or restraint, or any hampering of their presumed "natural instincts," as being contrary to the natural order, which, as their criticism shows, they conceive to be a state of complete license.

But this conclusion is untrue, for nature is *law*, not *license*.

The physical world is fully controlled by law; if it were not, it could not and would not exist. Heat, light, electricity, what we call matter—air, water, earth—all are subject to and controlled by law. Our bodies being matter, are equally subject to great physical laws from none of which is there any escape.

Merely by way of illustration: If we walk off a cliff, we fall. It is immaterial whether we know the cliff is there, or whether we know we will fall if we walk off, or whether we desire to fall, or whether we step off the cliff by one foot or jump off by five feet; the result is the same and inevitable. If we touch a hot stove we are burned, ignorance of its heat, or an accidental touching, or our own preferences, or our lack of knowledge that hot stoves burn, all are

immaterial; if we lay hold of a copper wire, heavily charged with electricity, we are killed—again neither ignorance nor accident nor preference will avail us. Acid burns our flesh, water drowns us, poison gas kills us. These results all come from the operation of laws which are immutable; they execute themselves; they do not depend either upon our knowledge of their existence, or upon our consent to their operation, or upon our desire that they manifest themselves; the penalty inevitably follows the violation.

We say the penalty inevitably follows the violation—this is true



President Clark's mother and brother at home in Grantsville

unless some other law intervenes to obviate or mitigate the penalty. If we step from a cliff in a parachute, if we touch the stove with asbestos gloves, if we take hold of the charged copper wire with rubber gloves, if we wear a gas mask, we may escape injury. But these escapes are themselves the result of the operation of other laws.

Thus whether we will or will not, we are physically amenable to the physical law. Indeed, we are not only amenable to physical law, but as just stated, our very physical existence is due to the operation of those laws, and without the unvarying operation of the definite and predetermined laws which function without our knowledge or will or consent, we would not exist.

Now since the physical world and our human existence are subject to law, in every relation and con-

dition of which we are cognizant, it is inconceivable that affairs of the mind and spirit of men, embracing the moral and spiritual world, are not also controlled by law. This is certainly true in so far as the physical condition involves the moral conduct, for there is a near relationship—and neither its nearness nor its nature are now understood—between biological man and moral man.

For example, a blow upon the head which injures the brain may completely destroy a man's moral sense, yet physically his body may continue to function; so with injury to the brain and nervous system by riotous living. A man may temporarily destroy or suspend his moral sense by becoming drunk. These things come about by the operation of laws controlling our physical bodies and indirectly our moral sense, which laws function with the same certainty and in the same manner as other physical laws; they are self-executory, that is, they need no other agency to enforce them; they operate without our knowledge, and irrespective of our consent or will.

Thus a person rebelling against the restraint of law, rebels against a principle which permeates and controls all nature, including the very existence—being—of himself, and controls also his moral conduct.

FOR a number of obvious reasons we must assume that man is also subject to law, intellectually and spiritually. We may consider one suggestive example: Certain qualities such as love and hate, joy and grief, mercy and justice, charity and unforgiveness, ambition and humility, are common in a greater or less degree to all men; within limits, all men display these qualities in the same way, manifest them by the same sort of acts; and all men disclose these qualities and invoke them generally upon the same causes. While the operation of the laws controlling these qualities is not always so obvious, nor is that operation amenable to such precise definition as is the operation of physical laws, yet that operation is just as certain.

Illustrations of a like kind might be added covering the growth and development of the mind, which would indicate just as definite controlling laws, but it is not thought necessary to do so in order to make the point that intellectually and



morally we are controlled by definite and certain laws.

However, there is this fundamental difference between the operation of the physical laws—as they are termed herein—and intellectual or moral laws to which reference has just been made. In the latter the personal will of the individual may undoubtedly step in and modify the manifestation and effect of the exercise of the quality, and perhaps modify even the quality itself. We may will to restrain our love and control our hate, to keep within limits our joy and to expose our grief, to refrain from mercy and to temper justice, to suppress charity and to curtail unforgiveness, to strangle ambition and to throw aside humility. But such operation of the will is not dissimilar, indeed is analogous to the work of the parachute, the asbestos and rubber gloves, and the gas mask, for the will itself functions under certain controlling influences and laws, so that its interposition in the modification of the human qualities named, is not either arbitrary or uncontrolled.

As with our physical and moral existence, so with our spiritual existence, for here also are certain definite, controlling laws which are self-executory—that is, they require no other agency but themselves to enforce them. Moreover, they operate whether we know of them or not, or whether we wish them to operate or not. These laws are eternal and immutable. Our spirits, like our bodies and like our minds, may grow and develop; they may dwarf, they may retrograde—what really happens being dependent upon whether or not we obey the laws that govern spiritual existence and development.

There are a few basic spiritual laws of which we know; there are very many rules of conduct deducible from those laws and designed for securing obedience to the laws. We shall find both the laws and the rules of conduct in the scriptures—the Bible, Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, Pearl of Great Price—and in the inspired writings and utterances of the leaders of the Church.

It is not necessary to catalogue these rules and laws, nor would such a list be useful for our present purposes. But as use has already been made of the Decalogue, God's word which came to man from the thunders of Sinai, we may resort

again to that great code for an example.

The first commandment of the Decalogue is:

"Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

IN our time when the Western World has come to a worship of one God only, the need for such a commandment, as among ourselves, is no longer necessary, unless it is to be applied figuratively. (It may be parenthetically observed that such an application might not be a strained one, for modern man has, in a too large extent, made materialism his god.)

But ancient Israel, to whom the command was given, was not in this situation. They were a rela-

tively small people; they were weak spiritually from their long contact with idolatrous Egypt; they were about to take up a residence among other people who were idolaters, worshipping many gods; this idolatry was of a vicious sort that was inconsistent with and in fact destructive of, the life which God's people must live to remain His people and to do the work which He had planned for them. God's work could not then, and cannot now, be maintained in partnership with a worship which calls for the heathenish practices of human sacrifice and grossly immoral rites. Our own civilization cannot be preserved in the presence of such heathenish practices, for a moment's reflection will show how human sacrifice would outrage every feeling of humanity that generations have fostered and would wipe out the society that adopted it, while heathenish immorality would lead to practices and exercises that would destroy the family—the unit upon which all we have that is good is built—as well as breed and spread disease that would wipe out the people adopting it. The fact that the mighty peoples who erected human sacrifice and immoral practices into religious ceremonies and beliefs, have been blotted out from the earth, while those holding such things in abomination have increased and flourished, comes near to the point of proof (if any proof were needed) that Christianity is right and heathen idolatry is wrong and that the human race cannot progress under those heathenish standards.

So far as human experience goes—and to such experiences we must appeal for human knowledge and wisdom—this great spiritual law, expressed in this command, is just as universal, just as inescapable, just as self-executory, just as independent of our wills and consent, as any physical law of which we know. Violate the law and we suffer; obey it and we are blessed. This is the evidence and testimony of history.

ONE law we may take from the teachings of the Savior—that of the law of talents, uttered by him in the Parable of the Talents. Because I shall refer to it in another connection, I shall quote the parable in full:

(Continued on page 805)

### The Frontispiece

THE FURROW" was painted four years ago and is my first animal composition. I submit it in preference to one of my later Italian pictures because I believe that "what Utah makes makes Utah" in art as in other products, and while perhaps my newer studies are a bit more melodious in color or a little surer in treatment, none have greater conviction behind them.

Discernment becomes a little numb through the long, arduous process of composing a picture. I am not yet certain that every line and mass in this are in complete harmony, but before I am through every element will be heaving against that furrow or swooping into line with it. Life depends upon that furrow. We may think it depends upon money, taxes, education, whims diverse. It does not. Life depends upon the rich moist earth's yielding to the plow. I have tried to concentrate that thought in the straining bulk of the horses and man, in the gulls repeating the rhythm of the man's motion as they swoop down behind the plow.

I belong to no school. Schools set fashions in technique, but technique is not art. The idea, the message to be conveyed, should dictate the technique to be employed. Never should the technique dominate the message.

The vitality of art is life. All great art must have roots deep in a native soil. It can be neither borrowed nor lent. Things expressed without deep convictions can never be greatly convincing, rarely are they more than bits of superficial pettiness. That, briefly, sums up my philosophy of art, and I try to measure up to it.

My roots are in Zion. I love the virile youth of it all, the glory of the open spaces, the teeming fields, the majestic mountains. Being an articulate soul I try to express my reaction. Such merit as my work has results from downright sincerity combined with endless study and experiment, by which combination I have developed certain powers in composition and drawing.

—Mabel Frazer.

# Cuthbert

## TELLS THE TRUTH

*Here is another boy—Cuthbert—by the author of that delightful series of stories which ran last year about Amigo, Ramon's long-eared friend.*

HOW Cuthbert ever reached the Sixth Grade was a mystery to all concerned, himself, his father and mother and most of all to the new teacher who was guilty of many bitter and disloyal thoughts concerning her predecessors who had spinelessly allowed this outrage. Not that it had happened suddenly or easily. Not at all. It had been a matter of tearful pleading on the part of his mother, stern exhortation descending in moments of stress to awful threats on the part of his father, grilling effort which brought his teacher every day nearer nervous prostration, and even occasional bursts of diligence and head scratching on the part of Cuthbert himself; of report cards with an alarming tendency to descend the scale of the alphabet and hover threateningly over the fatal letter D.

But now, owing to the combined efforts of parents and pedagogues with what feeble assistance Cuthbert was able to give, the twelfth year of his life found him hurled into the unequal struggle with an armful of Sixth Grade books.

And then the cataclysm! His father announced calmly that he was through. No more homework for him. He never had liked decimal fractions anyway, even when he *had* to do them, and he'd be hanged if he'd tackle them again any more than he would take on a second attack of measles. Besides, he argued, what did he pay taxes for? For the privilege of helping his child dig out his education evenings? "You tell that teacher," roared father, now fully aroused to the sense of his wrongs, "that if she'll *teach* you your lessons in school I'll hear you recite 'em in the evening, but hanged if I'm



going to do the teaching any more and her draw the salary!"

Well, that was that!

CUTHBERT'S father was long suffering but the worm had turned. Tears and expostulations were useless. There was still Mother and she would undoubtedly have shouldered the double burden cast upon her by Father's defection and carried on until she dropped, that being her

way, had not Fate, who loves to strew misfortune with a liberal hand, chosen this time to smite Grandmother Baker with lumbago, and called Cuthbert's mother to her bedside in a neighboring village for an indefinite period, leaving Cuthbert to the mercies of a cruel world and an unsympathetic teacher who regarded offerings of red apples and flaming bouquets of chrysanthemums as merely fruit and flowers and let them mitigate not at all the severity of her blue pencil.

Cuthbert felt there was no sympathy and understanding left in the world. At home, Father, who callously asserted that he felt ten years younger since he quit teaching night school was blandly impervious to broad hints and "wonders," "I wonder where the Obi river is?" Father would turn to another page of his paper and remark, "I see the Milleles have gone home from California."

"I wonder what nine times twelve is?"

"Well, the chances for Mother coming home this month seem slim so far."

Cuthbert knew now why the fathers of great men always died early in the story. Fathers were an unsympathetic race. How could Abraham Lincoln have made a name for himself by lying flat on his stomach before the fire to "finger" on a board if his father had made him get up and come to the library table and stop trying to spoil his eyes. Kind of seemed like it was Lincoln's mother that died, though. No matter. A feller never had a chance now-a-days. There had been times when considering his assortment of features in the mirror he had concluded



By  
**ESTELLE WEBB  
 THOMAS**



*Illustrated by*  
**CORNELIUS VANDERENDE**

that he was quite unbeautiful enough for Fame to have marked him for its own, and he felt with pardonable pride that he was every bit as dumb in school as Bobby Burns and so would doubtless turn out to be a poet.

PERHAPS he was nearer right than he knew. At any rate, his teacher, whose views on most subjects were diametrically opposed to Cuthbert's, agreed with him unreservedly as to his dumbness. His wits were always wool-gathering. Patiently, with a martyr's patience truly touching, she would go over and over something she was particularly anxious to "put across" to Cuthbert. Although his well-scrubbed ears stood out in a deceptively listening attitude and his blue eyes looked earnestly, if unseeing, at her, his thoughts were usually busy planning a beautiful tattooed design on his right arm in which the letter H. W.—which stood for Hilda Ward across the isle were interwoven with a gorgeous floral design, and the teacher's voice, buzzing unceasingly, like a tormenting bee, annoyed him. Would the woman never stop?

Thus it happened that after a detailed explanation of the paper to be read for English review on Friday—The Trend of Exploration Toward the West—Cuthbert came out of his day-dream with a very hazy idea of what it was all about. His teacher's voice still rang annoyingly in his ears and the insistent tones seemed to reiterate the one word West. "It was something about the West, I know," said Cuthbert to himself. He had asked the subject so often of the



## CUTHBERT

other children that he felt sensitive about it and preferred to trust to his inattentive ears rather than to face their derision again. He felt an affinity for this subject not usual for the topics Miss Grey selected, and set to work with enthusiasm. His composition finished, he was pleased with the result and indeed, a wonderful idea had occurred to him. He would make a continued story of it and ask Miss Grey if he might produce a chapter each Friday. How that would simplify this writing business!

Miss Grey's reception of his initial effort, however, discouraged him. That was the way with women, no knowing how they'd take things!

This, then, was Cuthbert's answer to Miss Grey's request for a paper on the Westward Trend of

Civilization! No wonder black despair filled her soul and she felt that in certain cases murder was not only permissible but almost imperative!

### "EXPERIENCES IN THE WEST

#### CHAPTER ONE *Surrounded*

"SHORTY was sitting in the shade of a big cottonwood when he heard a voice say hands up Shorty, Shorty turned around and there stood a big greaser. A cold chill ran up his back he was afraid to holler to his pal in camp. He heard steps as if someone else was coming he turned around and there stood 3 other Mexicans. This is the time for quick acshun thot

Shorty, quick acshun is required, and he sprung to his feet—

"That will do, Cuthbert!" Miss Grey's tone was icy. "That gives us practically no light on Westward Exploration. Rather to the contrary! You may take your seat!"

Cuthbert and his enthralled audience gave a concerted sigh of disappointment.

Well, teachers will be teachers! No use to expect human understanding from them!

It was just before Washington's birthday that Mr. Bryce, the principal of the Brookdale school, conceived the brilliant idea of an Essay Contest for the Sixth, Seventh and Eighth Grades, the subject to be "Truth," and himself to examine and judge each paper. The prize, a "Life of Washington," which he considered very appropriate, to be presented at the special exercises held on that illustrious truth-teller's birthday.

Miss Grey, whose temper these days was uncertain at the best, was frankly cynical in discussing this move with Miss Brady, the Seventh Grade room teacher.

"If Charles Bryce doesn't already know that Sixth Grade pupils can't write on abstract subjects, he's due to find out something!" she remarked. "He's welcome to wade through those papers without any offers of assistance from me, for one!"

"Me, either," said Miss Brady, airily, "What's one man's poison is another's meat. If anybody gets a kick out of reading a lot of kid's ravings that isn't actually required by law, he ought to be allowed the privilege. Live and let live, I say!"

"Maybe," she added, with a keen glance at Miss Grey, "he's sort of tired of Kelly's honeyed sweetness and craves an antidote."

"Humph!" snorted Miss Grey, inelegantly, and turned abruptly back to her own door.

Mr. Bryce, young and filled with high ideals which had not yet been destroyed by cantankerous parents and trustees and a desire to magnify his noble calling, was just now, at 7:30 of a Friday evening, tired, bored and utterly disillusioned. Hair rumpled, cheeks flushed, tie awry, he sat submerged in papers. Smeary papers, on the whole, in which the word *truth* occurred a great many times without sense or sequence.

On his right was a neat pile of manuscripts, badly defaced with blue pencil marks, on his left a stack yet to be attacked, revealing he knew not what horrors. With a sigh he shifted his position, bade his inner man cease clamoring for food, and picked up a smudged and bulky manuscript. As he read, his expression, had anyone been present to observe the fact, underwent various changes, none of them betokening boredom—Mr. Bryce was being entertained for the first time that afternoon.

## THE TRUTH

*Told by Cuthbert Carroll*

GROWN folks don't want a guy to really tell the truth. They always say they do but don't you bleave it. When the principle reads this paper he will make me go to the Offis and probly expel me for simply telling the truth. I have always been taut to tell the truth and when I have done it I have been punished. Once I told

Aunt Mable that she was not ugly enuff to stop a clock and it made her awful mad. It was the truth because I put Dad's alarm clock rite on the table by the side of her and it did not stop. I would of thot she would rather not stop it than to stop it. And once I told her sweetly that he looked lols like my bull pup and I was sent to bed without any supper. It was the truth only if anybody got mad it ought to been the pup. And once when the Bensons from Kansas City was to dinner Mother spanked me for telling them that ½ the teaspoons were Aunt Ednas. And once when Gramma ast me if I wanted to be like Lincoln and I said No, he looks like a horse, she said, Tom, this boy needs to be punished and I bet Gramma has told me 1000 times to always tell the truth. This shows that grown people don't really want you to tell the truth even when they say they do.

But the teacher has ast us to rite on the subject of truth and I am going to do it altho I will get expelled and I know it.

## Waterton-Glacier Peace Park

*By C. Frank Steele*

*(Lines written for the dedication of the International Peace Park at Glacier Park, Montana, when a memorial in nature to peace and good will between Canada and the United States was opened by leading state and Rotary Club officials. Rotary International sponsored the project and messages were read from Prime Minister R. B. Bennett and President Herbert Hoover. The ceremonies took place June 18, 1932.)*

WATERTON and Glacier, lovers, hand in hand,  
Brows kissed by dawns, eager faces fanned  
By winds attuned like some strange, spirit choir,

Soft now with dreaming, rolling now with fire;

In these vast haunts of quietude  
Man shall find rest, a healing interlude:  
Here seasons come, grow old and pass—  
The snows, the vivid flowers, the brown-

ing grass;  
Age finds sweet solace, youth a constant sign

Of courage written in each rock and pine.  
Here mighty glaciers send their floods away  
South to the Gulf, northward to the Bay;  
Here deep lakes call, Olympian mountains rise

To love their peaks in liquid, lilac skies.  
And canyons green are filled with friendly things

That still our petty fears and wonderings.  
Here men of neighbor nations meet  
To make the bond of fellowship complete;  
Men are they all of that enduring breed  
Whose slow crushed tyranny at Runnymede,

And from this hour shall kinship's ties increase  
Blessing the land in this new birth of Peace.

## The Truth About My Father

My father has forgot he was ever a boy and is callus to other people's sufferings.

## The Truth About My Mother

My mother thinks more of Gramma than she does of her only child or she would not leave him in his hour of need.

## The Truth About Gramma

SHE is always giving me something but it would be a hole lot better if she would give me back my own mother that wrightfully belongs to me.

## The Truth About My Teacher

My teacher used to be pretty good, but since her and the principle quit going together she has been cross and cranky and they aren't no way of pleasing her. Some of the kids say she has got a broken hart but I figger that ain't no fault of mine but the principles becaus he broke it and it is no excuse for treating us all like morans becaus some are not. And here is something what is the truth about all teachers becaus other kids has told me the same, if a guy will not ever forget to wear a neck tie

*(Continued on page 821)*



# What's in a Word

By

ELSIE CHAMBERLAIN CARROLL

*The English language has drawn liberally from all languages. How much we are indebted to the ancients for the beauty and interest of many of our words, Mrs. Carroll points out in this article.*

"God wove a web of loveliness  
Of sun, and stars, and birds,  
But made not anything at all  
So beautiful as words."

**A**MONG the innumerable things in life that have the possibility of affording us pleasure, I wonder if we value sufficiently the words we use? When we use such expressions as "Pass the cereal," or "Do not tantalize the child," or "I sent for the atlas in January," does anything of the rich connotation of the words come to us?

Many of our everyday expressions should bring to our minds beautiful stories from mythology, the science which treats of the early traditions and religion of our ancestors.

Take the words italicized in the preceding paragraph. *Cereal* is something more than the name of a commonplace breakfast food; it is a link between us and the distant past and embodies in it a part of the ancient explanation of the universe. Ceres was the daughter of Chronus (time) and was the goddess of agriculture. She had many duties to perform in which she was assisted by her daughter Proserpina, the goddess of vegetation. One day when Proserpina was playing in the meadows with her companions, she was seen by Pluto, the god of the lower regions who was riding by with his dark chariot and black steeds. Pluto had tried to persuade other goddesses to share with him his gloomy realm, but they had all refused to leave the land of sunshine to dwell in his dismal abode. He decided to forego further wooing, but to capture a bride and carry her away by force. Seeing the beautiful Proserpina, he suddenly



Elsie Chamberlain Carroll

desired her and rushing forward, he seized the frightened maiden and bore her away.

Pluto feared that Ceres would discover the abduction and force him to give up her daughter; so, in order to reach his kingdom more quickly, he struck the earth a mighty blow with his terrible two-pronged fork, causing a great crevice to open under his feet, through which he plunged downward into the Lower Regions.

Proserpina flung her girdle into a river as they passed it and implored the water nymphs to carry it to her mother that she might know what had happened.

**W**HEN Ceres returned from the fields, she began to search for

her daughter. Day and night she searched, neglecting her duties, but all in vain. The rain no longer refreshed the flowers and grain. All vegetation became parched and soon perished.

At last while she was wandering along the river bank one day, Ceres found Proserpina's girdle, and was told by the water nymphs what had become of her daughter. She was still unhappy, however, for she was sure that Pluto would never willingly give up his bride. In her sorrow she withdrew to a dark cave to mourn, still further neglecting her duties as goddess of agriculture.

Because of this neglect, famine threatened the people and they begged for her aid. But she refused to heed, vowing that nothing on earth should grow, with her permission, until her daughter should be returned to her.

The people begged Jupiter, the ruler of the gods, to pity their suffering and permit Proserpina to return to the upper world. At last Jupiter consented on one condition. It was that the goddess had not touched any food during the time she had been in Pluto's realm.

Ceres hastened to the Infernal Regions and was about to lead her daughter away in spite of Pluto, when it was suddenly made known that Proserpina had eaten some pomegranate seeds that very day. As a compromise, Jupiter decreed that for every seed she had eaten she should spend one month of every year in the gloomy kingdom of Pluto, while she could spend the other six months upon the earth.

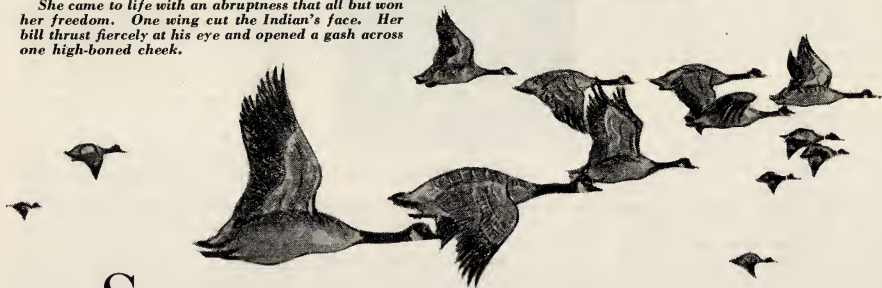
The god Mercury led her to and from Hades. Whenever he brought her from her gloomy prison, the sky became bright and grass and

(Continued on page 804)



Illustrated by  
PAUL CLOWES

*She came to life with an abruptness that all but won her freedom. One wing cut the Indian's face. Her bill thrust fiercely at his eye and opened a gash across one high-boned cheek.*



**S**PRING came to Little Echo Lake with the vanishing breath of a chinook that poured for fifteen hours over the cloud-swept Mission Range. And riding the wind from the far southland came N'Olor and his mate.

On pinions that cut the thin air in whistling rhythm the great white fowls were returning for the third time to the western Montana wilderness. They flew alone. They were of a vanishing race—aristocrats of all wildfowl—trumpeter swans.

Two of their last season's young had survived the predatory dangers of a primitive nesting ground and had reached the southern marshes. There one had fallen to the gun of a poacher; a few evenings previous the other had sailed off into the sunset glow upon an instinctive mission of his own.

As the two swans sped above trackless plain and over upthrust mountain they recognized no traveling companions. Countless wedges of great gray geese peopled the airways as they winged north;

black strings of ducks and an occasional ghostly line of brant crossed their route or paralleled it. But N'Olor and his mate remained aloof.

Full five feet from tip of bill to tail N'Olor measured and not an inch less than ten feet from tip to tip of outspread wings. His mate did not vary in size more than could have been gauged by a single application of the ancient rule of thumb. Both were pure, glistening white with a minute wash of rust on their shapely heads. Their long



*Whose heart has not thrilled at the whir-r-r of wild wings at dusk?*

# TRUMPETS

## AT DUSK

By

E. GORTON COVINGTON

tapering bills were dull black, the color persisting throughout the lores. The edges of their nostrils, midway between eyes and bill tips, were slate gray.

Mingled cries of joy came from the swift flying pair as they swept across the last mountain rampart and saw below them in the glinting rays of the afternoon sun, the ice clogged lake they claimed as their nesting ground.

Little Echo Lake was scarcely a mile long and but a fourth as wide. Roughly shaped like a spearhead it lay in the bottom of a little

end, feeding the marsh. A tangled forest, replete with a predatory population, closed in about the lake. Behind the stately crowns of Douglas fir and spruce and pine that flowed down the mountain sides and filled the narrow valley, rose the fire scarred Mission peaks. A patched blanket of winter snow still cloaked their shoulders.

On rhythmic wings the two swans circled the little lake, reconnoitering with caution before coming to rest where the melting snow had cut a channel in the ice covered surface. There they rested, floating

Big Walking Bear was a Flat-head Indian. His home was a small cabin in a clearing on the brush lined shore of Little Lost Creek. Sitting on the granite ledge, his alert ear had caught the whistling pinions of the new arrivals even before their sonorous calls advertised their presence. He smiled in satisfaction.

The claron cries of the two fowls were music to him. They represented a potential bonanza. Their possession meant one hundred dollars to Big Walking Bear—perhaps more. Had not an official



valley, high in the Mission mountains. The shoulder part of the lake—the southern end—was marshy; rank with rushes, wild rice, wild celery and attendant aquatic plants. The lower end merged into the headwaters of Tumbling River.

Three small streams fed the lake. Little Lost Creek from the southeast; Wolf Creek from the south and Choked Creek, bubbling through a burned-over area to eastward. All meandering through a narrow meadow at the southern

valley, high in the Mission mountains. The shoulder part of the lake—the southern end—was marshy; rank with rushes, wild rice, wild celery and attendant aquatic plants. The lower end merged into the headwaters of Tumbling River.

THE arrival of the swans had not been without witness. Upon a wind whipped ledge of granite that crowded down amid the fir and spruce on the eastern side of the lake, sat Big Walking Bear. His back was against a gnome-like cedar. He appeared oblivious of his surroundings. He was listening—and waiting.

of Glacier National Park said he would pay one hundred dollars for every pair of trumpeter swans delivered to him at Lake MacDonald?

The fact that the government of—  
(Continued on page 827)





*A Study of  
Louisa May Alcott*

By

L. D. STEARNS

*The name of Alcott will be loved—revered even—so long as America shall last, both for the illustrious father-philosopher and the daughter-author. "Little Men," "Little Women," "Joe's Boys"—and all the rest of those enchanting books for girls and boys—how they live in the hearts of all of us!*

# Louisa May Alcott

## A Bright Light in November History

**L**OUISA MAY ALCOTT, beloved authoress of young folk stories, in particular, was born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, November 29, 1832. From babyhood, she was a vivid and unusual personality. Her disposition was sunny and lovable, yet she was quick tempered and subject, at times, to fits of moody depression, which were quickly dispelled by a few moments of quiet talk or a short run in the open air. Extremely active, she excelled in all out-door sports, and was known as quite a tomboy. Her love of Nature was intense. She showed dramatic talent, in a high degree, from early childhood; staging plays in the barn, with her three sisters almost daily; she lived in a world of romance and beauty from morning to night. Most of her later

stories were built about these youthful frolics.

In 1834 the family moved to Boston, where her father, Bronson Alcott—philosopher and philanthropist—opened his famous school in Masonic Temple, which proved unsuccessful and was closed in 1840. But even though the school was a failure, he carried out his ideas in the education of his daughters, instilling in their hearts lessons of love and wisdom that bore fruit throughout their entire lives.

All of the children were required to keep journals regularly, and Louisa's, in particular, contains many bits of beauty and wisdom. Her entire education was obtained from her father, with the exception of a few months in a small district school in the country (her book, "Under the Lilacs," was written

around the frolics of the youngsters during this period)—a short time of attendance at a little school held in the Emerson barn, and, when in her eighth year, a brief time at a small, mixed school. Her father was a strict vegetarian, and the budding author never tasted meat until maturity. He had, also, visionary plans for organizing social life on a higher plane, and in 1842 went to England, where he found many like-minded associates, who returned with him. Securing a farm in Harvard, Mass., in 1843, which they named Fruitlands, they attempted to carry out their ideas. A period of severe and bitter stress and strain for the Alcott family followed. "Transcendental Wild Oats," one of Louisa's best stories, graphically and delightfully pictures the experience—the lofty ideals, so poorly real-



ized, making a rich background for the whole. It is a mixture of pathos, humor and reverent love well worth reading, and is now found in a collection of her works called "Silver Pitchers."

WRITING in her journal, at twelve years of age, she says, "More people coming to live with us; I wish we could be together, and no one else. I don't see who is to clothe and feed us all, when we are so poor now. I was very dismal, and then went to walk and made a poem.

"Silent and sad,  
When all are glad,  
And the earth is dressed in flowers;  
When the gay birds sing  
Till the forests ring,  
As they rest in woodland bowers.

\* \* \*  
"O, why these tears,  
And these idle fears,  
For what may come tomorrow?

The birds find food  
From God so good,  
And the flowers know no sorrow."

A few days later, she writes, "I had an early run in the woods before the dew was off the grass. The moss was like velvet, and as I ran under the arches of yellow and red leaves I sang for joy, my heart was so light and the world so beautiful. I stopped at the end of the walk and saw the sunshine out over the wide

'Virginia meadows.' I t seemed like going through a dark life or grave into heaven beyond. A strange and solemn feeling came to me as I stood there, with no sound but the rustle of the pines, no one near me, and the sun so glorious, as for me alone. It seemed as if I felt God as I never did before, and I prayed in my heart that I might keep that happy sense of nearness all my life."

After the failure of Fruitlands Mr. Al-

*The Beloved  
Novelist, Louisa  
May Alcott.*



Photo Courtesy Little Brown and Co. and Salt Lake Public Library.

*At Orchard House, Concord—Mr. and Mrs. Alcott, Louisa May, Anna, and, in the carriage, Frederick Alcott Pratt.*

cott almost utterly collapsed for a time, and the struggle of the family to live was sharp indeed. It was at this time that Louisa, fired by intense love, determined to support the family in some sort of comfort, herself. When Mrs. Alcott's father died, leaving her a small property, she purchased the place in Concord known as "Hillside," near the home of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and later occupied by Mr. Hawthorne. Here, the girlish lives of Louisa and her sisters, so interestingly described in "Little Women," were passed. Yet, spite of the bubbling spirit of fun and youth, Louisa was never forgetful of the underlying purpose to retrieve the fortunes of the family. With this in view, she opened a small school in the barn to which the Emerson children and a few others came. Later, however, they returned to Boston, where it was easier to obtain remunerative work, and Louisa took up teaching, but found it very irksome. She continued writing plays on the side, for pure enjoyment, and staged them for the entertainment of the family and their intimates. Many of them are still preserved, as first written.

IN 1852 her first story, written at Concord when she was but sixteen, sold for \$5.00. She then collected a number of stories, poems

(Continued on page 822)



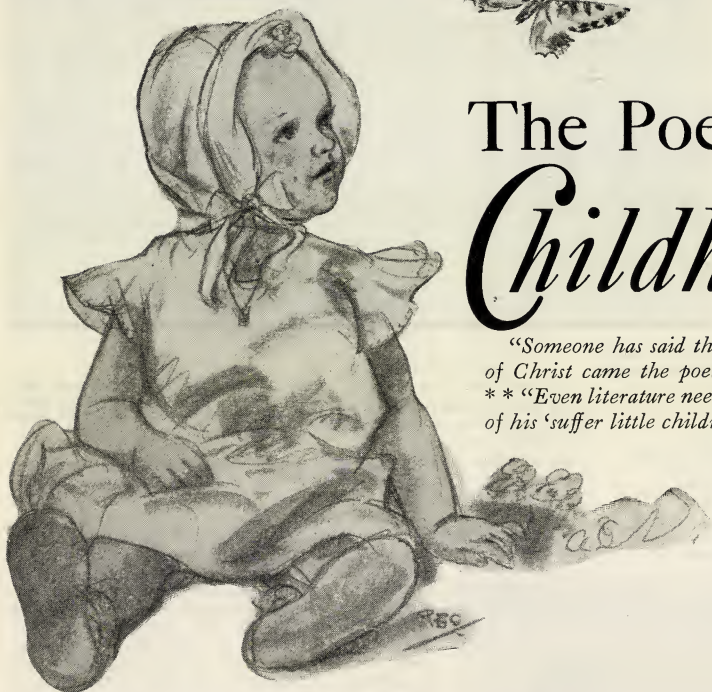
By  
JULIA W. WOLFE



# The Poetry of *Childhood*

*"Someone has said that with the advent of Christ came the poetry of childhood."*

*\*\* "Even literature needed the inspiration of his 'suffer little children \* \* \*'"*



IT is a significant fact that the poetry of childhood is usually written in the present tense. Therein it is true to child nature, which knows little of the past or future—one of which is the possession of old age, the other the dowry of youth and manhood. Old age lives in the dreams that lie behind; youth in the exultant expectation that stretches before. To childhood belongs the great wealth of the immediate present. Jean Ingelow recognized this characteristic phase of childhood as is seen in her first stanza of "Songs of Seven:"

"O velvet, bee, you're a dusty fellow,  
You've powdered your legs with gold,  
O brave marsh-mary buds, rich and yellow,  
Give me your money to hold."

Many people hold undisputed right of entrance into this fair do-

main of childhood, whose inhabitants will ever welcome the comrades who know about that enchanted land of the skies and fadeless flowers, of bravest adventure, of daring heroes. Through the closed lips of those favored men and women crept visions of the past. Again glows "the light that never was on sea or land," for the vision of the Ideal, as into the Kingdom of Heaven, he who would enter must become "as a little one."

How the kinder-singers crowd our thoughts—Tennyson, Longfellow, Wordsworth and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who mourns with "little Ellie's" over the deserted swan's nest. "John Gilpin" flies past under the strange speeding of the melancholy Cowper. We laugh or cry with Tom Hood, as it may chance, or smile with Aldrich, Alice Carey, or with the be-

loved Whittier. We cannot number the names of our old favorites. And all hail to dear old Mother Goose, who lived, not in myth, but in the flesh. Little dreamed she of mothering all coming generations! It is difficult to define her charm unless it lies in the infinite variety and epigrammatic surprises of her muse, touching the experiences of child life at every point. Whether in high tragedy of Cock Robin, or the pathetic tale of Betty Pringle's pig, or the tender impersonation of Mother Nature's spring awakening in "Dear Long-Legs," she is sure to hold the little ones. Truth, to say, occasional queries arise in the domain of ethics, as in her silence concerning "Taffy" is doubtful honesty; yet Mother Goose is a marvel! Witness her gentle pastoral or "Little Boy Blue" and its happy ending!

(Continued on page 791)



*This beautiful tribute to President B. H. Roberts came to us from Texas. Next month we shall run an article by Elder Levi Edgar Young concerning the great "Christian Soldier."*

# Brigham H. Roberts—A Tribute

By T. PAULY

El Paso, Texas

**B**LESSED is the man who bequeaths to the succeeding generation a work which lives after him. Brigham H. Roberts has conveyed a rich bequest. His life, his faith, his work, this trio will redound from generation to generation. His work as teacher, advocate and defender of the Restored Gospel is potent and enduring. Doubly potent are his writings which reflect the characteristics of the living Roberts. Particularly his polemical work bears this imperishable imprint.

One senses first of all his courage and readiness, nay his eagerness to give battle. Next we observe his rare polemical skill, restrained or severe as befits the occasion, carrying the battle to the opponent, never begging the question. Then there is that full measure of flame and fire of his surging spirit sustaining him throughout the conflict, never asking for quarter, but withal as generous as a knight in tournament. When repelling an attack launched against his faith or his people he wields the rapier of defense "as though the strength of twenty men were in his arm." He is truly a formidable champion.

For several years his rapier has been sheathed. Mormonism has attained a semblance of maturity. Our faith is now, to the World at least, a more or less tolerated sect, bringing a season of calm and peace. This new order of things calls for another, a new work for Elder Roberts. The

achievements of the first century of the Dispensation of the Fullness of Time must be recorded and evaluated.

**T**HIS new work, largely historical, is unique among all works of its kind. Here, as in his other works, Elder Roberts does not permit this last work to fall to the level of the commonplace. This is much more than a history—more than a reciting and recording of events. Dates, names and places of Mormonism's growth can properly be recited and recorded, but truths reflecting the birth and growth of our Dispensation, yours and mine, must not be recorded and recited. These truths must be set forth. As a master craftsman carves and polishes a precious gem, bringing forth the full measure of natural beauty possessed by the stone, so does Elder Roberts set forth the truths of God to reflect the beauty and strength inherent in them. In these truths are found the justification and vindication of every claim of the Restored Gospel. More than that in these pages containing the sum-total of achievements of three generations of Latter-day Saints is

found the justification for the prayers and testimonies which have been offered in behalf of this latter day work. Is this the work of a historian? Nay, this is the labor of one inspired of God.

In addition to this task of recording and setting forth the accomplishments of this generation, Elder Roberts has undertaken and devoted his word and pen to another task, a work more difficult and delicate. I refer to his work of evaluating not only the revealed truths of God as received through the living oracles of God, but also the task of harmonizing the principles of truth as possessed by men of the world in our wonderful age. It is by no means sufficient that we possess new light, but this new light of truth must be tempered that men of the world might comprehend it—must be blended with that measure of light extant in the world to the end that finally we shall weave into harmonious splendor all of the principles of truth under Heaven. What an opportunity for a Roberts or a Spencer.

The accomplishments of Elder Roberts in this work cannot be measured today.

In the hour of his passing we stand too close to this work to obtain an appraisal in retrospect.

Today he stands out in bold relief as a defender and advocate of the Faith. Perhaps tomorrow he will be enshrined as an interpreter and harmonizer of the variant aspects of truth—the Herbert Spencer of the Dispensation of the Fullness of Time.



B. H. Roberts and the Mormon Battalion Monument



# The Power

**THIRTY** years ago a book entitled "The Power of Truth" containing eight gripping essays was printed and circulated on two continents. Its appeal was so great that it went through several editions. In England it was given the title "Great Truths." Coming in contact with Jordan's tersely stated philosophy, President Heber J. Grant became interested and purchased an entire edition of the work, which he presented to hosts of friends on both sides of the Atlantic. Recently the copyright and the plates from which the American edition of the book was printed were purchased from the widow of Mr. Jordan, and with the permission of President Grant and the Deseret Book Company, the eight essays will appear in succession in *The Improvement Era*.

We are exceptionally well pleased to be able to make this announcement to our readers because we believe that these essays are among the finest of their kind ever printed and are worthy almost to be counted as scripture.

**T**RUTH is the rock foundation of every great character.

It is loyalty to the right as we see it; it is courageous living of our lives in harmony with our ideals; it is always—power.

Truth ever defines full definition. Like electricity it can only be explained by noting its manifestation. It is the compass of the soul, the guardian of conscience, the final touchstone of right. Truth is the revelation of the ideal; but it is also an inspiration to realize that ideal, a constant impulse to live it.

Lying is one of the oldest vices in the world—it made its debut in the first recorded conversation in history, in a famous interview in the garden of Eden. Lying is the sacrifice of honor to create a wrong impression. It is masquerading in misfit virtues. Truth can stand alone, for it needs no chaperone or escort. Lies are cowardly, fear-some things that must travel in battalions. They are like a lot of drunken men, one vainly seeking to support another. Lying is the partner and accomplice of all the other vices. It is the cancer of moral degeneracy in an individual life.

Truth is the oldest of all the virtues; it antedated man, it lived before there was man to perceive it or to accept it. It is the unchangeable, the constant. Law is the eternal truth of Nature—the unity that always produces identical results under identical conditions. When a man discovers a great truth in Nature he has the key to the understanding of a million phenomena; when he grasps a great truth

in morals he has in it the key to his spiritual re-creation. For the individual, there is no such thing as theoretic truth; a great truth that is not absorbed by our whole mind and life, and has not become an inseparable part of our living, is not a real truth to us. If we know the truth and do not live it, our life is—a lie.

**I**N speech, the man who makes Truth his watchword is careful in his words, he seeks to be accurate, neither understating nor over-coloring. He never states as a fact that of which he is not sure. What he says has the ring of sincerity, the hallmark of pure gold. If he praises you, you accept his statement as "net," you do not have to work out a problem in mental arithmetic on the side to see what discount you ought to make before you accept his judgment. His promise counts for something, you accept it as being as good as his bond, you know that no matter how much it may cost him to verify and fulfil his word by his deed, he will do it. His honesty is not policy. The man who is honest merely because it is "the best policy," is not really honest, he is only politic. Usually such a man would forsake his seeming loyalty to truth and would work overtime for the devil—if he could get better terms.

Truth means "that which one trotheth or believes." It is living simply and squarely by our belief; it is the externalizing of a faith in a series of actions. Truth is ever strong, courageous, virile, though

kindly, gentle, calm, and restful. There is a vital difference between error and untruthfulness. A man may be in error and yet live bravely by it; he who is untruthful in his life knows the truth but denies it. The one is loyal to what he believes, the other is traitor to what he knows.

"What is Truth?" Pilate's great question, asked of Christ nearly two thousand years ago, has echoed unanswered through the ages. We get constant revelations of parts of it, glimpses of constantly new phases, but never complete, final definition. If we but live up to the truth that we know, and seek ever to know more, we have put ourselves into the spiritual attitude of receptiveness to know Truth in the fullness of its power. Truth is the sun of morality, and like that lesser sun in the heavens, we can walk by its light, live in its warmth and life, even if we see but a small part of it and receive but a microscopic fraction of its rays.

**W**HICH of the great religions of the world is the real, the final, the absolute truth? We must make our individual choice and live by it as best we can. Every new sect, every new cult, has in it a grain of truth, at least; it is this that attracts attention and wins adherents. This mustard seed of truth is often overestimated, darkening the eyes of man to the untrue parts or phases of the varying religious faiths. But, in exact proportion to the basic truth they contain do religions last, become permanent and growing, and satisfy



# of Truth

By

William George Jordan



and inspire the hearts of men. Mushrooms of error have a quick growth, but they exhaust their vitality and die, while Truth still lives.

The man who makes the acquisition of wealth the goal and ultimatum of his life, seeing it as an end rather than a means to an end, is not true. Why does the world usually make wealth the criterion of success, and riches the synonym of attainment? Real success in life means the individual's conquest of himself; it means "how he has bettered himself" not "how he has bettered his fortune." The great question of life is not "What have I?" but "What am I?"

Man is usually loyal to what he most desires. The man who lies to save a nickel, merely proclaims that he esteems a nickel more than he does his honor. He who sacrifices his ideals, truth and character, for mere money or position, is weighing his conscience in one pan of a scale against a bag of gold in the other. He is loyal to what he finds the heavier, that which he desires the more—the money. But this is not truth. Truth is the heart's loyalty to abstract right, made manifest in concrete instances.

The tradesman who lies, cheats, misleads and overcharges and then seeks to square himself with his anaemic conscience by saying, "lying is absolutely necessary to business," is as untrue in his statement as he is in his acts. He justifies himself with the petty defence as the thief who says it is necessary to steal in order to live. The permanent business prosperity of an

individual, a city or nation rests finally on commercial integrity alone, despite all that the cynics may say, or all the exceptions whose temporary success may mislead them. It is truth alone that lasts.

The politician who is vacillating, temporizing, shifting, constantly trimming his sails to catch every puff of wind of popularity, is a trickster who succeeds only until he is found out. A lie may live for a time, truth for all time. A lie never lives by its own vitality, it merely con-

tinues to exist because it stimulates truth. When it is unmasked, it dies.

WHEN each of four newspapers in one city puts forth the claim that its circulation is larger than all the others combined, there must be an error somewhere. Where there is untruth there is always conflict, discrepancy, impossibility. If all the truths of life and experience from the first second of time, or for any section of eternity, were brought together, there would be perfect harmony, perfect accord, union and unity, but if two lies come together, they quarrel and seek to destroy each other.

It is in the trifles of daily life that truth should be our constant guide and inspiration. Truth is not a dress-suit, consecrated to special occasions, it is the strong, well-woven, durable homespun for daily living.

The man who forgets his promises is untrue. We rarely lose sight of those promises made to us for our individual benefit; these we regard as checks we always seek to cash at the earliest moment. "The miser never forgets where he hides his treasure," says one of the old philosophers. Let us cultivate that sterling honor that holds our word so supreme, so sacred, that to forget it would seem a crime, to deny it would be impossible.

The man who says pleasant things and makes promises which to him are light as air, but to someone else seem the rock upon which a life's hope is built is cruelly untrue. He who does not regard his appointments, carelessly breaking

them or ignoring them, is the thoughtless thief of another's time. It reveals selfishness, carelessness, and lax business morals. It is untrue to the simplest justice of life.

Men who split hairs with their conscience, who mislead others by deft, shrewd phrasing which may be true in letter yet lying in spirit and designedly uttered to produce a false impression, are untruthful in the most cowardly way. Such men would cheat even in solitude. Like murderers they forgive themselves their crime in congratulating themselves on the cleverness of their alibi.

The parent who preaches honor to his child and gives false statistics about the child's age to the conductor, to save a nickel, is not true.

The man who keeps his religion in camphor all week and who takes it out only on Sunday, is not true. He who seeks to get the highest wages for the least possible amount of service, is not true. The man who has to sing lullabies to his conscience before he himself can sleep, is not true.

TRUTH is the straight line in morals. It is the shortest distance between a fact and the expression of it. The foundations of truth should ever be laid in childhood. It is then that parents should instil into the young mind the instant, automatic turning to truth, making it the constant atmosphere of the mind and life. Let the child know that "Truth above all things" should be the motto of its life. Parents make a great mistake when they look upon a lie as a disease in morals; it is not always a disease in itself, it is but a symptom. Behind every untruth is some reason, some cause, and it is this cause that should be removed. The lie may be the result of fear, the attempt to cover a fault and to escape punishment; it may be merely the evidence of an over-active imagination; it may reveal maliciousness or obstinacy; it may be the hunger for praise that leads the child to win attention and to startle others by wonderful stories; it may be merely carelessness in speech, the reckless use of words; it may be acquisitiveness that makes lying the handmaid of theft. But if in the life of the child or the adult, the symptoms be made to reveal the disease, and that be then treated,

truth reasserts itself and the moral health is restored.

Constantly telling a child not to lie is giving life and intensity to "the lie." The true method is to quicken the moral muscles from the positive side, urge the child to be honest, to be faithful, to be loyal, to be fearless to the truth. Tell him ever of the nobility of courage to speak the truth, to live the right, to hold fast to principles of honor in every trifle—then he need never fear to face any of life's crises.

The parent must live truth or the child will not live it. The child will startle you with its quickness in puncturing the bubble of your pretended knowledge; in instinctively piercing the heart of a sophistry without being conscious of process; in relentlessly enumerating your unfulfilled promises; in detecting with the justice of a court of equity a technicality of speech that is virtually a lie. He will justify his own lapses from truth by appeal to some white lie told to a visitor, and unknown to be overheard by the little one, whose mental powers we ever underestimate in theory though we may overpraise in words.

Teach the child in a thousand ways, directly and indirectly, the power of truth, the beauty of truth, the sweetness and rest of companionship with truth.

And if it be the rock-foundation of the child character, as a fact, not as a theory, the future of that child is as fully assured as it is possible for human prevision to guarantee.

The power of Truth, in its highest, purest, and most exalted phases, stands squarely on four basic lines of relation,—the love of truth, the search for truth, faith in truth, and work for truth.

The love of Truth is the cultivated hunger for it in itself and for itself, without any thought of what it may cost, what sacrifices it may entail, what theories or beliefs of a life-time may be laid desolate. In its supreme phase, this attitude of life is rare, but unless one can begin to put himself into harmony with this view, the individual will only creep in truth, when he might walk bravely. With the love of truth, the individual scorns to do a mean thing, no matter what be the gain, even if the whole world would approve. He would not sac-

rifice the sanction of his own high standard for any gain, he would not willingly deflect the needle of his thought and act from the true North, as he knows it, by the slightest possible variation. He himself would know of the deflection—that would be enough. What matters it what the world thinks if he have his own disapproval?

The man who has a certain religious belief and fears to discuss it, lest it may be proved wrong, is not loyal to his belief, he has but a coward's faithfulness to his prejudices. If he were a lover of truth, he would be willing at any moment to surrender his belief for a higher, better, and truer faith.

The man who votes the same ticket in politics, year after year, without caring for issues, men, or problems, merely voting in a certain way because he always has voted so, is sacrificing loyalty to truth to a weak, mistaken, stubborn attachment to a worn-out precedent. Such a man should stay in his cradle all his life—because he spent his early years there.

THE search for Truth means that the individual must not merely follow truth as he sees it, but he must, so far as he can, search to see that he is right. When the Kearsarge was wrecked on the Roncador Reef, the captain was sailing correctly by his chart. But his map was an old one; the sunken reef was not marked down. Loyalty to back-number standards means stagnation. In China they plow today, but they plow with the instrument of four thousand years ago. The search for truth is the angel of progress—in civilization and in morals. While it makes us bold and aggressive in our own life, it teaches us to be tender and sympathetic with others. Their

life may represent a station we have passed in our progress, or one we must seek to reach. We can then congratulate ourselves without condemning them. All the truths of the world are not concentrated in our creed. All the sunshine of the world is not focused on our doorstep. We should ever speak the truth,—but only in love and kindness. Truth should ever extend the hand of love; never the hand clenching a bludgeon.

Faith in Truth is an essential to perfect companionship with truth. The individual must have perfect confidence and assurance of the final triumph of right, and order, and justice, and believe that all things are evolving toward that divine consummation, no matter how dark and dreary life may seem from day to day. No real success, no lasting happiness can exist except it be founded on the rock of truth. The prosperity that is based on lying, deception, and intrigue, is only temporary—it cannot last any more than a mushroom can outlive an oak. Like the blind Samson, struggling in the temple, the individual whose life is based on trickery always pulls down the supporting columns of his own edifice, and perishes in the ruins. No matter what price a man may pay for truth, he is getting it at a bargain. The lying of others can never hurt us long, it always carries with it our exoneration in the end. During the siege of Sebastopol, the Russian shells that threatened to destroy a fort opened a hidden spring of water in the hillside, and saved the thirsting people they sought to kill.

Work for the interests and advancement of Truth is a necessary part of real companionship. If a man has a love of truth, if he searches to find it, and has faith in it, even when he cannot find it, will he not work to spread it? The strongest way for man to strengthen the power of truth in the world is to live it himself in every detail of thought, word, and deed—to make himself a sun of personal radiation of truth, and to let his silent influence speak for it and his direct acts glorify it so far as he can in his sphere of life and action. Let him first seek to be, before he seeks to teach or to do, in any line of moral growth.

(Continued on page 822)

## November Moon

By Leone E. McCune

THROUGH mists of haze and smoke  
That hover o'er the town,  
On leafless, naked trees and barren ground,  
Above dark peaks that loom  
In lonely majesty,  
November moon looks down.

A rose of molten gold,  
She lifts her lovely head,  
And softly in the shadows and the gloom,  
Drops her glowing petals one by one.





## Afterglow

By Rachel Grant Taylor

*THE flame of autumn days is dead  
The deep piled leaves are dull and pale,  
Yet, when I slowly stir their depths,  
A glow of faded glory marks my trail.*

*The flame upon my hearth is dead  
The smouldering coals are turning gray,  
Yet, when I gently stir their depths,  
Fair castles form, then slowly fade away.*

*The flame within my heart is dead,  
Long friendly years have banked its fire,  
And now I dare not stir their depths—  
It might bring back the pain of love's desire.*

C. K. Kende

# The Beloved Cinderella

By  
Mary Imlay  
TAYLOR

## CHAPTER V



MA BINNEY



ETTA



STARGRASS, the lovely girl grown from the deserted baby the Binneys had found and loved as their own, was not theirs any more—she was the daughter of rich Mr. Blanchard. Pap Binney, broken-hearted, felt that something was wrong—Ma Binney, weeping, comforted Pap by telling him that Star would be happy there in the big house—would have all the beautiful things every girl wanted.

But at the big house things seemed strange to Star—everything was so cold and unfriendly. Even the friendship of John Nelson, Blanchard's secretary, could not counteract the sinister familiarity of James Carr and Etta, niece of Mr. Blanchard. It was fun to have clothes and all that, but Star's heart ached at the thought of leaving the Binneys, and somehow the future filled her with chill foreboding. What was wrong? Read the rest of the story and find out.

## S T A R G R A S S

MRS. BINNEY, having lit the lamp, set it on the table; she had already laid out Pap's evening paper and she pattered about too obviously for him to forget her. She wanted to hear more about Windymere and Star.

"Did you say she had pearls, 'Lisha?"

Pap looked over the top of his paper. "Big as beans—a string of 'em."

"I want to know! I don't believe they're real—that size!" Mrs. Binney's eyes were eager for confirmation of this news.

"I reckon they be, money's kinder lyin' round there.

Star's got everything—so she says!" he added, and his wide old mouth shut suddenly.

His wife edged nearer, tracing the leaf pattern on the old red cloth with her short fat finger.

"What d'you think of him, Pap?" she whispered, leaning toward him.

Mr. Binney rustled his paper. Out of the tail of his eye he saw the lamplight flaring on his wife's round face. In some way, why, he did not know, it reminded him of a troubled moon looking out of gathering clouds.

"Drat him!" he shifted his paper, "I reckon you



know what he is, don't you? You told him first. I s'pose he's just, an', maybe, he means well, but he—' the old man choked and coughed violently—"he's got th' high hat! Ma, I—I kinder hate to think he's little Star's father.

"That so?" her face fell. "But he's so rich, he'll make her a great heiress," she said tremulously; "seems like you couldn't want anything better for your own child, Pap!"

Pap stared off into space thoughtfully. "I don't know as money's everything," he said at last.

"It's most everything in this world, 'Lisha," his wife cried, "most everything—I always said so. And if Blanchard's goin' to give Star all his money, why—"

"Oh, drat it!" cried Pap suddenly and violently, "I don't want to hear about him! I—I'm readin' th' paper!"

HIS wife stared at him a moment in silence, but he only buried himself more thoroughly in the news-sheet, and, after a moment, she turned resolutely and began to put on her hat. She was searching for her mitts and her handkerchief when Mr. Binney looked up again.

"Where you goin'?" he asked sharply.

Mrs. Binney stopped, with her hand on the door. "Just down th' road a-piece. I ain't a-goin' to sit here while you're chewin' rag! I don't care if Blanchard was rude to you—you ain't got any call to take it out of me!"

"Look here, Ma—" Pap was ready to talk now, his troubled face smoothing out a little when he saw how she felt.

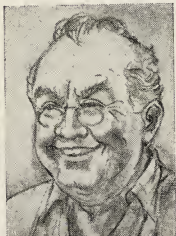
"I'm goin'—" she flung back at him from the door, her brown clad shoulders set stubbornly—"maybe I'll be late gettin' back. I may stop an' see old Mrs. Little, she's got sciatica again. Any-



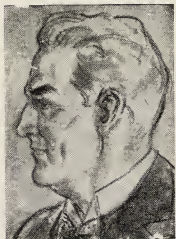
NELSON



JAMES CARR



PAP BINNEY



BLANCHARD

way, you can go to bed, if you've a mind to; it won't make a mite of difference to me!" she ended, as she slammed the door behind her.

Pap stared after her, and then, secure in being alone, he dropped the paper on his knee and fell to rubbing his chin. His eyes were vacant in their absorbed stare and once or twice, his chin shook.

"I kinder miss her a'ready," he mused. "She was always 'round here somewheres—seems as if she was only knee-high yesterday, a cute little thing, little Stargrass!"

He lifted his eyes to peer over his spectacles toward

the window. It was open upon the soft darkness of a cloudy night, but he thought he had heard something out there.

He did not hear it again, for Mrs. Binney, who had stopped to sob a little herself, had gone on. She was walking down the back road now hurriedly. It was a dark night but lights glowed here and there, rimmed with little rainbows in the sea-mist. Mrs. Binney shied away from these friendly circles of illumination; for one so chubby and reliable, it might almost be said that she lurked in shadows. She did not stop at Mrs. Little's, she passed with a feeling of fresh iniquity, and padded on along the macadam road. Once or twice she jumped violently when a twig snapped or a bat wheeled past. Then her eye caught the steady glare of the lamps at the white gate-posts and she made for them, panting.

THERE was no one about and, feeling like a highwayman, Ma made her way across the lawn. If she hid here, in the shadow of this dense shrubbery, she could see the terrace in the wide streams of light from the windows. She dropped into an odd brown indistinguishable heap and waited, her heart thumping heavily. She wanted to see Star there—rich, happy, a great heiress! The old woman's short fat fingers clutched deep into the grass and pulled out tufts of it; she was shaking all over, she had never felt so guilty in her life. Then she saw figures moving about inside the house. Occasionally one came to a window, and Mrs. Binney blinked, straining her eyes in the darkness, trying to distinguish them. There was a mother hunger in her heart and a great fear. But if only Star had everything—

The night was not silent; it was full of sounds, the faint rustling of leaves, the hum of insect life, the far-off reedy piping of frogs in the old millpond. Mrs. Binney, unaccustomed to sneaking around forbidden places and hiding in wet shrubbery at night, began to shiver; premonitory twinges of rheumatism pierced her.

"I guess I ought t'have stayed at home!" she muttered to herself.

Then a girl came out of the long window and walked across the terrace in the wide swath of light from the room behind her. Transformed as she was by her dress, the young figure could not be mistaken by the fond eyes that watched for it! Ma Binney half rose. She had almost whispered the girl's name, but the next mo-

ment she shrank back into the shrubbery, felt a shower of water from the leaves run down her back, and drew the foliage close about her. Star had been almost immediately followed by a young man, not Nelson—Mrs. Binney knew him;—this

was a taller, rather slighter figure.

The two were talking, but were too far off for the words to be distinguishable. Something in the man's manner, however, spoke a language so universal that even the middle-aged watcher could not mistake it. The two stood for awhile, clearly outlined, leaning against the marble balustrade. Once the man, leaning toward the girl, put his hand over hers. Mrs. Binney thrilled with excited interest, but Star sharply withdrew it and, turning away from Carr, descended the short flight of steps into the garden. She turned, as chance or fate would have it, toward the shadowy clump of shrubbery, and he came quickly after her.

"Mary Agnes!" he called to her, and his voice had a note of laughter in it.

Star stood still.

"I didn't tell you to call me that!" she said, with a wonderful imitation of Etta's hauteur.

"No, but I couldn't help it!" he answered quickly.

He had caught up with her, was bending toward her, self assured, confident. "Would you rather—" his voice had the ripple of hidden meaning in it—"would you rather I called you 'Star'?"

"No!" she cried sharply.

He laughed outright. "Star-grass!" he teased.

"Don't!" the girl cried again.

"Oh, I see! You like queening it here, instead, don't you? What is it like—the change?"

STAR was standing by the fountain and she stooped and dipped her fingers in the clear cool water.

"It's wonderful!" she answered softly, after a pause.

He drew nearer again, trying to see her face in the uncertain light.

"What would you do if something happened? If something took it all away again—overnight?" he asked her.

The girl lifted startled eyes. "But it couldn't!" she cried.

He mocked her laughingly. "Oh, couldn't it?"

She turned around, facing him. "What do you mean, Mr. Carr?"

He did not answer for a moment. A shaft of light from the house had lifted her young face out of the night; its purity, the dewy beauty of eyes and lips, the numbus of bright hair, held him.

"She's worth it, worth the deal!" he thought, and then aloud: "It won't happen, Mary Agnes, I won't let it!"

Star stood a moment looking at him, then she laughed, something of the old gay, rippling laugh.

"As if you had anything to do with it!"

He caught her hand. "I don't want to frighten you," he said in a low voice, "but I have a lot to do with it! It wouldn't pay to quarrel with me; let's kiss and make friends."

Star thought he was jesting and laughed. "You're threatening me!"

"Yes and no!" he whispered daringly. "Kiss me, Star!"

His face was close to hers before she knew he meant it. Suddenly she broke away from him, a sob of dismay in her throat.

"What do you mean? What do you think of me. How—how dare you? I don't allow men to kiss me!"

He laughed. He would have answered her in his own way by catching her and kissing her, had he not seen Blanchard and Nelson coming out on the terrace. He could see their figures plainly. He tried to soothe the angry girl.

"You'll have to forgive me, Mary Agnes," he said lightly; "you forget you turn a fellow's head—out here in the night, enchantress!"

Star made no answer. In the shadow now he could not see her eyes, but he ventured further.

"Oh, you've bowled me over—suppose we bank it," he gave an odd laugh, "and go into partnership—for life, you know?"

He was aware of something in the girl he could not understand; he thought he had fathomed her, but even in the darkness now he perceived some change in her. She did not answer him. Suddenly, without a word, she turned and fled lightly toward the terrace. Taken by surprise, he heard her voice answering Blanchard's.

"Yes, I'm going in now, Father."

"Where's Carr? Etta wanted him just now; something about cards—"

"Coming!" Carr answered below the terrace. He had followed Star, and she caught the mocking laughter in his eyes as she fled past him into the house.

"You'll find Etta waiting,"

Blanchard said; "she's set on bridge for tomorrow night. Going in, Jimmy? Nelson and I are going down through the grounds; I've got a problem to solve yet," he added, twisting his head backward toward the house and smiling.

CARR'S eyes flashed. "I'd like to join you, but I fancy I've got to make peace with these young ladies!" he laughed.

Blanchard smiled. "You'll find them a handful," he observed, as he descended the steps. "Got your torch with you, John?" he asked over his shoulder.

"Yes; want it?" Nelson was close behind him.

"Not now; I can see the way here plain enough. The wind's changed; it's a bit chilly for this time of year, isn't it?"

Blanchard turned into the driveway. The shadows about them were dense, an immovable darkness that escaped the lanterns at the gate.

"Nice place," Blanchard remarked after a silence. "I had an idea I'd buy it, but—well, it won't do now."

Nelson gave him a quick look, but in the dark he made out nothing.

"May I ask why, sir?"

"Obvious, isn't it? I've got my girl back, but she's been brought up here—over a grocery store. She'll never shake that! Besides, you saw that old fellow in the road? Pap, she calls him. Of course he'll hang around. I'm going to take her to Europe for a couple of years, get her polished up and launch her in society. Her mother would want me to do that; I've got to break up these ties here."

"I don't think the old people at the shop will trouble you, Mr. Blanchard," Nelson replied slowly. "I've seen the old man two or three times; he's a character, honest and sincere."

"No doubt; looks it," Blanchard retorted dryly. "I'd be glad to pay them something handsome, more than the reward, for all they've done for my daughter, but—" he growled angrily—"they're playing some kind of a hand. I don't get it—they won't take a cent!"

"Binny's too sturdy a character to take money for a labor of—of love," said John with sudden feel-



ing. "Anyone can see he loves Miss Blanchard as he might his own child. I—the fact is, sir, I esteem him highly for his stand in the matter. I talked with him—because you asked it—but I hated to do it. There's no price for such a thing!"

Blanchard grunted. "You're young, Nelson, and sentimental. There's a mighty little in this world for which there isn't a price—it has only to be big enough. I'm figuring that the price I've offered so far is too small, that's all."

John's lips flattened at the corners. "I disagree with you, sir, as far as it refers to Pap Binney."

Mr. Blanchard strode awhile in silence, then he turned and looked back. Behind them the long driveway turned a sharp curve and disappeared under shadowing trees.

"By Jove, it's a peach of a place, isn't it?" he exclaimed, and then, sharply: "What's that? There's someone sneaking in the shrubbery!"

JOHN felt, rather than saw, his hand go to his hip pocket; like many rich men Blanchard had a keen nervous perception of danger.

"Got your torch handy? Flash it on that place—" he pointed—"over there!"

John obeyed, playing his torch on a group of blossoming rhododendrons and revealing the huddled brown figure of a stout old woman, her hat on one side and her eyes blinking in the light.

"Why, Mrs. Binney!" he cried involuntarily.

Mrs. Binney gasped. "I ain't hidin' here!" she cried tremulously, "an' I don't want anything—no, I don't! I was just tryin' to find th' gate."

Blanchard reached out a hand and took the torch from John, holding its powerful light full on poor Mrs. Binney's shamed, frightened face.

"May I ask what you were here for, madam?" he demanded sternly.

She gasped, and both he and John saw the hands that clasped her old black bag tremble violently.

"I—" she blinked away from the light and then something, anger or outraged pride, roused her. "I ain't a thief!" she cried. "My soul, don't look at me like that! I don't

want your old money, I—I only wanted to see if Star was happy! You needn't be afraid, I—I ain't goin' to stop, I—" she choked—"I bid you goodnight, sir!"

"Wait a moment." Blanchard tried to detain her. "I'm ready to pay anything just my good woman, for your care of my daughter. I've said so. I'd only make it a condition that you stay away."

Mrs. Binney's chin was shaking now as much with rage as with fright. "I don't want your old money!" she cried hotly. "I won't touch a dratted cent of it, as Pap says. Just you make Star happy,

that's all I want!" And suddenly, without warning, she burst into tears, fumbled for her handkerchief and fled, stumbling, into the darkness. They could hear her feet padding heavily on the road outside, until finally even those sounds died away in the darkness.

Blanchard stood still, listening. He switched off the torch and held it out to John.

"There! You see? Didn't I tell you?" he said at last, grimly. "That settles it; I don't buy this place, and I take my girl away from here tomorrow!"

(To be Continued)

## ❧ The Poetry of Childhood

Continued from  
page 782

IT is singular that the poet who voices most tenderly the love of childhood was not a mother, but a father—Eugene Field—Motherhood, maybe, resting content with its royalty of possession, leaves its supreme expression to others. For sweetness and tenderness of soul, childhood, the gentle poet occupies a unique place. Looking through the eyes of his own children, hearing with the ears, thinking their thoughts, they turn together to nature, and the quaint lore of legend and romance. With wondrous pathos he wrote "Little Boy Blue" and "The Rockaby Lady," "Pitty-Pat" and "Tiptoe"—when shall we pause when tender tales are so many? "Little-Luddy-Dud"—a lyric of affection—it might well be called:

"Luddy-Dud's cradle is swinging  
Where softly the night-winds blow,  
And Luddy-Dud's mother is singing  
A song that is sweet and low,  
'Tis little Luddy-Dud in the morning,  
'Tis little Luddy-Dud at night,  
And all day long  
'Tis the same sweet song  
Of my nearest and dearest—  
Heart's Delight—Luddy-Dud."

Perhaps Stevenson embodies in his poems of childhood more of the imaginative power than many other modern laureates. He has open vision toward the highlands of the Ideal. He, too, possessed that quality essential to poets of child life—the wonderful memory of its experiences; the details of its earliest remembered impressions. He reenacted at will his early day dreams in their charmed environments,

when Imagination was his dear "familiar;" she never deserted him in after years. He could feel the cool evening shadows falling, while the beautiful lady of dreams clasped her small hand, and slipping his little bed from its moorings, floated him far out upon the seas of sleep:

"My bed is like a little boat;  
Nurse helps me when I embark;  
She girds me in my sailor coat  
And starts me in the dark.

"All night, across the dark, we steer;  
But when the day returns at last;  
Safe in my room beside the pier,  
I find my vessel fast."

HOW his captions paint pictures! "The Land of Counterpane," "My Shadow," "Windy Nights."

We have followed these poets of childhood along the green meadows of the literal, through the tender melodies of the heart, up the shining way of imagination. Is the journey to end there? Lack we a child's singer who will feed the altar-fires of their spiritual nature? Who will do this high service? We need someone to invite children into those mysterious lands—someone to take them into high altitudes and also to descend with them into valleys of service.

Someone has said that with the advent of Christ came the poetry of childhood. Yes! All genius that sang before His birth was too poor to give children their just dues. Even literature needed the inspiration of His "Suffer the little ones—" before they found fitting place therein.

Sonny Wilson, a college editor and football back overhears a deal and as a result plays his greatest game of football.

# Greenbacks and Quarterbacks

By

SAMUEL TAYLOR

IF George "Sonny" Wilson had remembered to bring the newly repaired brace for his game right knee, it is probable that Tempest University would never have known its greatest football game in the decade, nor its greatest one-game player. Also, it might have had a new coach to replace Robert "Bob" Fidel, which would have been a shame.

But not to dwell on probabilities, let us remember that Sonny Wilson *did* forget the knee-brace, and that he had to make a trip from the dressing rooms to the editorial office of the *Collegian* to get it. Inasmuch as Sonny Wilson was editor of the *Collegian*, he knew exactly where the brace would be, pigeon-holed in the upper left of the aged desk between the slot marked "Annual Feature Calendar" and the one bearing the head "NG. Slush." However, as he fumbled for the office keys, Wilson made a typically dramatic pause, for the reason that through the big old-fashioned transom above the *Collegian* door came voices:

"Aw, listen, Coach. Forget about it. I have."

"The other boys have taken their cut and been glad of the chance. Here, take it. You're not trying to tell me you can't use a hundred and sixty dollars—I worked through college myself."

"Sure. I can use it. But it seems sort of blood money. Like as if—"

"Rats! Here, take it, you sap! Hurry, because I've got to get over to my team. They're probably tossing the lockers around as medicine balls by this time."

"Well, all right—"

Sonny Wilson slid into one of the adjacent doorways that were recessed deeply in the old building. He knew those voices, but he hoped his ears were wrong. Then the *Collegian* door opened, and he saw the chubby figure of "Happy" Frank Smith hurry past in the dim hall. From inside the *Collegian* office

came the dragging sound of an opening drawer, the turn of a lock, then the tall poised animal that was Chick Lang strode past.

SONNY WILSON waited a few moments, then unlocked the newspaper office door and made immediately for Chick Lang's abused flat-topped desk. Without shame he unlocked the desk with his own key. Lying on a pile of papers in the upper-left-hand drawer was a stack of twenty dollar bills. There were eight of them. Sonny Wilson felt a little nauseated and weak as he fumbled the drawer shut. He went to his own desk and secured the knee-brace. He swore at it.

The facts of this slice of life were simply that Coach Franklin ("Happy Frank") Smith happened to be

mentor for the Caldwell College Crimson, and that Mr. Charles ("Chick") Lang by chance was the outstanding quarterback of the Conference and played for the Tempest University Blues, and that at the present instant there was just an hour and three-quarters

*Little Beasley met Sonny as he made for the showers. "Don't say it," he told her. "The grin's plenty of answer."*





*Two Caldwell players closed in to knock the ball down behind the goal. Wilson sprinted, flung himself high between the two.*

*Illustrated by  
PAUL CLOWES*



until the biggest game of the year was to be played, the traditional, partisan, bitter Tempest-Caldwell struggle. And there in the desk were the eight green twenties.

Sonny Wilson made his way mechanically outside into the chill afternoon air and towards the athletic department buildings. He didn't want to know, didn't want to think about it. But anyone could see that Chick Lang had \* \*.

"Why the leaden thoughts, Sonny?"

Wilson's heart threw off all care for one wild lilted hop. He grinned at Miss Dorothy ("Dittie") Beasley, and said: "My soul bleeds for the downtrodden working class."

"No giggles; what's up? You could use that weighty brow to drive piles."

"Now don't ask me questions. I want to ask you one.

About the dance after the game."

Dittie smiled in ravishing indecision. "You're not fair. I told you to wait until after the game." She dusted an imaginary speck off an arm-band that proclaimed in bold blue lettering: *Beat Caldwell.*

"Has Chick asked—" Sonny Wilson began, but bit his tongue and said: "Sorry. \* \* See you at the stadium. Gotta dress."

IN the locker room Shorty Davis asked with elaborate unconcern: "Say, Chick, are you goin' to the dance tonight?"

Chick Lang and Sonny Wilson \* exchanged glances. Chick said, "I don't know."

"I'll bet fifty to one you both don't go!" screamed Shorty, and the other players rumbled appreciatively. It was common knowledge that Lang and Wilson, while remaining fast friends and room mates, were bending every effort to cut one another out for the favor of Dittie Beasley.

Just before game time

Coach Bob Fidel gave out the lineup. Sonny Wilson was not going to start at half. The coach stuck his face out, clasped his hands behind his broad fat back and strutted before his players while biting out his words:

"Listen, you chumps! I took as much psychology in school as any of you, so I know all about Caldwell's advantage in that line. But the way I size it up, that's the only thing they got on us. So I want you beef-eaters to go out and lick the tar out of them. Now beat it."

That was all Bob Fidel said when his job and possibly his future career hung on the necessity of having the big end of the final score. But as he sat down on the sidelines' bench he grunted out of his mouth corner to Sonny Wilson: "How's things?"

Wilson pulled his blanket around his shoulders.

"Bad. You know, I've done all I could do as editor of the *Collegian*. But the pressure's getting too stiff. I could tell the old grads where to get off, but they've taken things up with the merchants and they've threatened to boycott our advertising unless I fall in line and clamor for your resignation."

"Huh!" grunted Coach Fidel from the depths of his great chest. "All I've done is take the cellar team to second place in four years. And they want to sack me. We've cinched second place again this year—and first if we whip Caldwell today." He snapped a pencil between his massive fingers.

"Yeah," mumbled Wilson. "If we lick Caldwell. That's the proposition, that 'if.' This time I got it straight from the prexy himself."

"Jardine?"

"Right. I had the honor yesterday of being called to interview the president of Tempest U. And he told me he would be forced to relieve you—you know, pressure of the rich old grads, and all that—if we didn't beat Caldwell. And so I've got two editorials at the print shop now, both in type, and it all depends—"

"Then pray for Chick Lang," muttered the coach, and hunched in rapt attention as the whistle sounded for the lineup.

THE Tempest mentor had built the team around the brilliant Lang.

### Samuel Taylor

SAMUEL TAYLOR, author of "Greenbacks and Quarterbacks," is a resident of Provo, Utah. While studying at Brigham Young University he wrote much for the *Y. News*, the school paper. Later he sold stories to several eastern magazines and, in collaboration with a lady, won the *Deseret News* Prize contest. Just at present he is in California, having ridden to the golden state on a bicycle.

There flashed through Sonny's mind an image of eight twenty-dollar bank notes in the drawer of Chick Lang's desk. Wilson looked at the coach, started to speak and then turned his attention to the game. He would wait, watch. Maybe—but how doubt it? It was clear.

Two years ago Chick Lang had starred at Caldwell College. Then for some unknown reason, Chick, together with some eight other prominent students, had dropped out of Caldwell at mid-term. Lang had come to Tempest U, played the past year on the freshman squad, and now he was, in his senior year, the stellar Tempest varsity quarter. Thus it is seen that Chick Lang was playing for Tempest against his old Alma Mater, Caldwell, whose coach, Happy Frank Smith, had just given him eight twenty dollar bills—which fact is made significant by reason of the further fact that the Crimson Caldwells had beaten the Tempest Blues regularly for a decade, and that if the Tempest eleven did not reverse this ignominious habit this very afternoon, a deserving and hard working Tempest coach by name of Bob Fidel would in all probability lose his position. But what was of even more moment to the rabid Tempest fans, it appears that for once in an indigo moon the Tempest Blues *did* have a good chance to lick their bitter rivals, especially since the inspired playing of Chick Lang had made the team so far this season unbeatable.

THE ball arched high at the kickoff. Chick Lang received, charged up the field, the elbows of his blue jersey swinging rhythmically. Two blue-sweated players charged in ahead for interference while Shorty Davis made a frantic

dive and blocked out the nearest Crimson. That thrilling swelling first roar surged from the stadium, cut short as two Red players cut through and tackled Lang simultaneously.

Lang stayed down. Sonny Wilson, on the bench, saw another mental flash of those greenbacks in the drawer and almost wished Chick would be injured and out for the game. But a player was working Lang's hips slowly up and down. Chick climbed to his feet and adjusted his headgear.

The ball sawed back and forth. It was apparently an even struggle, but Sonny Wilson thought the Crimson had a trifle the best of it; when Coach Fidel stood up and paced up and down in front of the bench, Sonny was sure of it. Caldwell was not an early scoring team, ordinarily. They played sure, orthodox football—powerfully. They unleashed their grinding strength on weaker teams, ground them down, wore them out, and then ran riot during the last quarter. That was the Crimson method, and by it Coach Happy Frank Smith had won the Conference title nine times in the past ten years, which is something in the nature of uniformity in excellence.

Late in the first quarter came the first break of the game. The dynamic little Shorty Davis—who, totting a bulk of 141 pounds, had last season made all-Conference guard—knifed through to pile on a fumble on the Caldwell thirty-three yard line. The Tempest rooters broke into a chant:

"Beat 'em, Blue!  
Lick 'em, Blue!  
Whip 'em fair,  
Whip 'em square,  
Beat 'em black and BLUE!"

Tempest was held twice on line plunges, then Sonny saw the Blues line up for the old "twenty-nine" formation. The two Tempest ends criss-crossed down the field, arms raised. They were decoys. The ball shot ahead in a swift, hard flat pass. The Crimson, caught off guard, scrambled desperately towards the big Chick Lang, who was free and now springing in one of his famous high twisting leaps for the ball.

The Tempest fans' frenzied bawl cut short abruptly. The ball, incredibly, had passed through the infallible Chick's big capable



hands! Rooters were numb. Chick Lang, inside the Crimson goal line, had let the oval strike the fingertips of his left hand, had slapped the ball with his right, and let the pig-skin fall to the ground. Lang had fumbled in a pinch.

CALDWELL punted deep into Blue territory. On the return punt Chick Lang stooped—clumsily, it appeared to Sonny Wilson—to get a low pass from center, fumbled the ball and allowed a Red player to recover on the Tempest twenty-two yard line.

The play was the exact reverse of the series enacted a minute before at the other end of the field. Tempest held for two downs, then Caldwell passed over the goal line. Here again was one of the many specialties of the great Chick Lang, the knocking down of passes. This time Lang's finger tips again touched the ball, but they barely deflected it and the oval settled into the arms of a Caldwell back for a touchdown.

"Coach! He could've knocked that down!" cried Sonny Wilson. "Chick's not—"

"Wilson!" barked Coach Fidel. He was not listening, was peering at a fallen player on the field. "It's your spot. Go in right half and send Hardy out."

"Coach—"  
"What'dya want? No instructions."

Sonny Wilson trotted out on the field. He fancied he heard Dittie Beasley's contralto from the stadium.

Caldwell missed kick for goal by reason of Wilson's frantic dive. His stomach cinched up from the impact of the hard-booted ball, but Sonny rather enjoyed the pain. Chick Lang grinned through his mud-mask. The devil was handsome, even with his face covered with muck and the dry white residue of sweat. "Good going, Sonny. How'd you feel?"

"Lower'n a snake's belly," snapped Wilson, and for the first time he meant the phrase as he said it. He thought of it as the teams lined up for the kickoff: he was low, downright no-account, trashy, spineless, and generally underground. He knew Chick Lang was taking money to throw the game, and he, Sonny Wilson, didn't have the nerve to tell the coach about it. The fearless editor of the *Collegian*, who had fought tooth and toenail

in Coach Fidel's behalf against the pressure from alumni and students—this iron-willed journalist had turned yellow and curled up when there actually had come a test. He was a jelly-fish, a sentimental namby-pamby; because Chick Lang was his friend, he wouldn't tell on him. The two thousand rabid, victory-hungry Tempest rooters, the coach's future, Sonny Wilson's own self-respect—these apparently meant nothing at all. He could see it clearly. It wasn't even the fact of Chick's friendship and the possible ruination of Lang's potential coaching career—because, after all, Chick would realize what he was doing. He was old enough to know the consequences; he was sport enough to take it on the chin if he was found out. Sonny Wilson stared unblinkingly into the ugly fact: he, Wilson, didn't have the nerve. He had tried to tell and he couldn't. There was just something inside that he lacked.

BOTH teams battled in midfield during the second quarter. Then another quarter went scoreless after the half. Tempest now had its back to the wall. The Crimson power was beginning to show. It became a battle not to win but to hold Caldwell to its six point lead, prevent the Reds from piling up a bigger score. Through the plucky cheering of the Tempest rooters ran an icy knife of disappointment. Big ballyhoo \* \* \* training \* \* \* pointing for the battle all year \* \* \* BEAT CALDWELL \* \* \* hopes \* \* \* frenzy of anticipation \* \* \* and now the aggregation that was the Crimson machine was driving down the field, steamrolling the Tempest eleven, piling up yardage. It was certain there would be another typical rout in the last quarter.

Now that he was playing by his side, Sonny could tell that Lang was not producing his usual brilliant game. Chick was a bare fraction slow in getting under way, he hit the line with something less than his usual fighting fury. His passes lacked accuracy and distance, the devastating power of paralysis was gone from his tackling. It was not that Lang was not playing the game, nor that he was not playing a good game. But he was not producing his *usual* game. He was no longer an inspired tornado, no longer the triple-threat ghost. To-

day Chick Lang was just another football player, and that, against the Crimson power drive, was not enough. Coach Bob Fidel could have jerked his star, but that might have more devastating psychological effect at this critical time than anything that might be gained with a new man.

"Thirty-seven, e i g h t y-one, shift!"

Sonny Wilson snapped into position, slapped the spiraling ball against his ribs and swung in behind the interference. Chick Lang, running ahead, was too close, Sonny stiff-armed a linesman; he dug cleats into the slippery, trampled, sodden turf. Lang, instead of taking out the charging Crimson end, made an indecisive half step. Sonny shoved viciously at Chick's broad wet back, swerved to avoid the impacting pair and found himself through the line of scrimmage. The Caldwell halfback was cutting across, arms outstretched like scythes. As the tackler dove, Wilson twisted and, still going, spun twice like a top. Hands clutched at his calves, slipped down his ankles and then off his shoes. Lurching, he was still on his feet. The safety man was advancing cautiously, ready. Sonny Wilson cut sharply left, knifed ten yards farther, cut back, and then was tackled from behind.

Blue players slapped him on the back. "Good for me, that shove," Chick Lang said. "I lost my nerve for a half second."

"Lost it?" retorted Wilson. He wanted to say: "You mean you sold it."

MORE signals. His number, a cut through opposite tackle. He slapped the damp ball to his ribs and rushed into a wall of flesh. He took the ball again on the next play and reeled off twelve hectic yards, being downed on the Crimson twenty-six yard line. Then the other team held for three downs while Sonny Wilson, carrying the ball each time, fought like a drugged man to advance it two yards. Lang called for a huddle, and said:

"Now here's the chance, men. And it may be the last. All right, now everybody on the job this next play. Sonny, take the ball, fake passing to the right and then whip it to me over the line—the old twenty-nine play. It's the game,

(Continued on page 823)

# Angels and Amazons

UNDER this peculiarly intriguing title, Inez Haynes Irwin, in a book sponsored by the National Council of Women for publication in connection with the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago in 1933, follows the history of American women through the past century and gives a clear-cut outline of the great movements of the 19th century in which women played a part, climaxed by the conditions of the 20th century—which prove that the struggles and heartaches of one hundred years have not been in vain.

From "female" in 1833, through "lady" of 1883 to the "woman" of today—1933, Mrs. Irwin traces the gentle revolution in America which has placed woman far above her earlier lady and female sisters in every line of endeavor and in every walk of life—business, professional, civil, religious—and has raised to comparative equality even with men—imagine it!—the weaker sex which has proved itself to be weaker in very few ways.

"Lucy Stone was the eighth child in her family," Mrs. Irwin tells us. "The night—in 1818—before she was born, her mother milked eight cows. When they told Mrs. Stone the sex of her new baby, she said, 'Oh, dear, I'm so sorry it is a girl. A woman's life is so hard.'" A slave to housekeeping and child-bearing, both under difficult conditions, a woman did live a hard life in the beginning of the century which is at an end, and the book "Angels and Amazons" takes up, one by one, histories of movements which have succeeded to the point of making her life less hard, and mothers less likely to sorrow unselfishly over the birth of a daughter. The rise of woman is one of the great accomplishments of the last one hundred years.

"In the day of the pioneer there were no women in trade, none in the professions, none in public life, only a handful in teaching, a smattering in the arts, and any woman who considered business as a career opened herself to the charge of being unsexed," we are told. "Today we have a world peculiarly

marked with the touch of strong feminine hands. Equal suffrage and prohibition are only two of the most obvious changes that have been wrought.' \* \* \* It is much more than the mere struggle for equality that the book describes, however. Mrs. Irwin has been notably successful in painting the mental changes that have taken place in the American people due to feminine influence. Marriage, birth control, world peace, education, child labor, morals all have felt the impact." The story is told with charm and quiet humor; with certainty and fine insight; with enthusiasm and fairness. It is the romance of struggle; the history of defeat and rising again; the biography which paints people so truly as to make realities out of names; and in this combination is presented a work more interesting than romance, history or biography could be without the colorful contrast of the rest.

THE date—1833—Mrs. Irwin tells us, in beginning, is not chosen arbitrarily, for time has been kind to the author in having provided stirrings in that year which later were recognized as the start of a great awakening. And it was literally—not rhetorically—a century of observable progress which ended with the year 1933. Prior to the stirrings of that long-ago day, women had seemed to stand still for years—gazing "with a kind of chill, polite acquiescence on the current of her existence."

Because of the long rosters of notable names which have become associated with almost every field of effort and achievement in which women have risen during the century past, it would be impossible to discuss the work of any particular ones in specific connections without ignoring others just as important; and impossible to discuss all of them without devoting the entire space of this article to personalities. Consequently, and with the full realization that it is almost an injustice to the women who gave a life's devotion to a cause, most of them will not so much as be mentioned; others, who were the

torch-bearers for the rest, can come in for little more than being named. But in reviewing the history of their struggles and disappointments it becomes evident that they grew up in an atmosphere of disregard and disappointment. Perhaps they will feel more at home if they are not given too much credit in print—their credit comes to them in ways vastly more real and satisfying—in the record of their lives and works.

Politically the first part of the 19th century found women silent—as it found them legally, professionally, journalistically (if there is such a thing), and in business, civics, the arts, trades, and everywhere else. But 1833 was a magic year, a year in which a silent revolution was going on, later to become not so silent. That date cannot be ignored. Individual women here and there began to be seen, and even heard. The old idea of woman's place being in the home still was voiced, but in spite of it the machine in its crude beginnings, was bringing women into factory and mill. Not the best women, socially, of course, but women. \* \*

"What was that woman of the early 19th century like—that woman for whom life was so hard? \* \* \* Women who could afford the luxury of dramatizing themselves were all frills and fans, all softness and sadness. They sighed and fainted. They went into declines, and died of broken hearts. Their very clothes confined and tormented them, pressed and bruised them, caught and tripped them."

Naturally there were other types—pioneer women, home women, etc. But only here and there did one go outside the approved realm of female activity and brave the censure of her world by launching into new fields. In 1818 Hannah Adams, forming a woman's club, started something in the way of organization which was to go down through the years—she was a forerunner of the "giants, Lucretia Mott, Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Lucy Stone \* \* \*."



"Studying the early part of the Nineteenth Century, one seems to see the whole sex as a vast, submerged continent. Here and there a column of rock rises above murky waters. It is exciting, thrilling, profoundly moving, as one follows the years from 1833 to 1933, to see other rocky tors emerge—and more—and more—until gigantic chains of mountains have lifted themselves into the clear air. Gradually, the whole vast expense rises into the light of the sun."

Educationally, girls were regarded in general as a negative quantity until the late seventeen hundreds, at which time the grammar grades were opened to them. Specifically there were exceptions, for the Quakers—"in so many things liberally enlightened before the rest of the world"—opened their elementary schools to girls as well as boys, and a woman was teaching there as early as 1702.

In 1853 a young woman—Susan B. Anthony—attended an educational convention; the discussion as to why the profession of teaching failed to command respect so interested her that she dared the scorn of the gathering in rising to her feet and, obtaining permission to speak, said, "It seems to me, gentlemen, that none of you quite comprehend the cause of the disrespect of which you complain. Do you not see that so long as society says a woman is incompetent to be a lawyer, minister, or doctor, but has ample ability to be a teacher, that every man of you who chooses this profession tacitly acknowledges that he has no more brains than a woman? And this, too, is the reason that teaching is a less lucrative profession, as here men must compete with the cheap labor of woman. Would you exalt your profession, exalt those who labor with you. Would you make it more lucrative, increase the salaries of the women engaged in the noble work of educating our future Presidents, Senators, and Congressmen."

Comment adds that no matter what the schoolmasters might have thought of Miss Anthony as a woman, they had to recognize the fact that she had "hit the nail on the head;" also that many women in the audience were outraged at the conduct of Miss Anthony.

FROM 1833 on there is a distinct and readily observable uptrend

in the condition of women in education—as students, teachers, and finally as school executives, until today women far outrank and outnumber men in the teaching profession and as students in high schools and colleges, except professional schools.

In the field of medicine, women had a desperately hard time, being regarded as demoralized if they sought entrance. In 1848 Dr. Samuel Gregory of Boston started a school called the Female Medical College—"probably the first institution in the world in which women could study medicine" and it was really simply an elementary course in scientific midwifery. In 1850 the Female Medical College of Philadelphia was opened to women, in which institution they could obtain a fairly thorough medical education, although public opinion was hardly less severe than before on those who chose to take advantage of this opportunity. The careers of Harriet Hunt and Elizabeth and Emily Blackwell are significant and typical of the conditions which discouraged women in early days from entering medicine, and eloquent of the intrepidity with which some clung to their chosen work. In law and the ministry it was most difficult to obtain a foothold in the middle nineteenth century, but gradually the tide of development gave way, and women entered where other angels feared to tread.

The history of women in politics

## Hallowe'en

By Algie Hubert

THERE'S a quiver in the tree tops  
Where the breeze plays hide and seek;  
There's a strange light where the moon-  
beams

And the purple shadows meet;  
And my heart's a little fearful  
As the trees wave to and fro;  
Folks just can't be very cheerful  
When it's Hallowe'en, you know.

There's a band of ghosts and goblins  
Dancing down each shady lane;  
There's a sad note from the night birds  
Telling summer's on the wane;  
Eerie shadows stretch before me  
And the wind's a moaning low;  
Mother Nature wants to show me—  
That it's Hallowe'en, you know.

during the last century is of particular interest, inasmuch as their success in securing the franchise was realized recently enough to be remembered by all who are of age in the country. The course of organization into active groups in which women were striving for certain purposes naturally included such causes as temperance and suffrage, for women have always been recognized as the moral arbiters of their civilization, and naturally they felt, early, that they should be allowed a voice in the government of their country. In the beginning the issues seemed to run together somehow—women were uniting on principles which were vital to them—and inevitably the cause of temperance became connected with the others, and slavery and the peace question also crept in.

"In the second decade the program included: Anti-narcotics, Child Welfare, Christian Citizenship, Evangelistic Fairs and Open Air Meetings, Flower Mission, Franchise, Health and Heredity, Institutes, Kindergarten Legislation, Loyal Temperance Legion, Literature, Medal Contests, Medical Temperance, Mercy, Purity, Parliamentary Usage, Peace and International Arbitration, Penal and Reformatory Work, The Press, Purity in Literature and Art, Sabbath Observance, Scientific Temperance Instruction, School Savings Banks, Sunday Schools, Temperance and Labor, Temperance and Missions, Bible in Public Schools, Work Among Colored People, Work Among Foreigners, Work Among Indians, Work Among Lumbermen and Miners, Work Among Railroad Employees, Work Among Soldiers and Sailors, and Young Women's Unions."

IN each of the above fields, as well as many more, women have continued to organize and work and fight, their energies sometimes becoming so enthusiastically put into action that they were regarded as belligerent, and reaped the whole harvest of antagonism that seeds of belligerence call forth. But their fighting has not been in vain, for along the battle-line of every encounter, over the wounded and dead in the fray, has been flung a flag of truce which has been their banner of achievement. A book of almost five-hundred pages has told the story "in brief," a review

(Continued on page 824)

# Hiking into HISTORY and HORTICULTURE



By

Frank R. Arnold

*Autumn is the glorious time for hiking. Why not loiter with Frank R. Arnold, an expert at it, along one of Utah's entrancing roads and learn the art of enjoyment. If this article, to those along the road, should seem a bit out of date, we take the blame.*

BOY Scouts in Weber and Davis Counties usually look on the mountain road from Uintah to Kaysville as just the right distance to give them a merit badge in hiking. There and back it is just about twenty-five miles but if the Scouts take with them the right companions or loiter at the right firesides en route they may get something better than a merit badge. Whittier tells about "Old roads winding as old roads will. Here to a ferry and there to a mill," but the Davis county mountain road winds into pioneer history, into geology and horticulture, and even into Europe, rather than into ferries and mills.

All along the road you are on the upper reaches of the sand ridge that was piled up by the Weber River in Lake Bonneville times and was known to early settlers as the Hooper range, a free for all range country until it was transformed by the Weber and Davis canal into a patchwork farm country that closely resembles New or Old England, while the mountains to the east so green with scrub oak are very reminiscent of Switzerland.

That is what you have on both sides of you as you walk along while on a hot summer's day the western lake takes on a Mediterranean blue and Antelope Island, with its browns and pinks, is the nearest approach in America to the



view of the north coast of Africa to be had from the rock of Gibraltar. So many suggestions of the goodly land of Europe are pleasing to behold in the goodly land of Utah, but it takes a returned missionary comrade to point them out and it is more than probable that Boy Scouts are not numerous whose mental wanderings roam from the mountain road to Gibraltar. All the same geography and geology should play a part in his dancing wayside thoughts.

A Boy Scout loves trees and vines and on the mountain road he is in one of the best fruit sections of the state. He will want to gorge on the Orb cherries on the Walton place, if his pilgrimage is late in June and commiserate with the owner on the fact that Orbs are so hard to pollinize. Nearby Stilson Whitesides has the biggest cherry orchard in the county. He will explain to you how to tell a Lambert cherry tree from a Bing. Most people can't do it, but he can tell instinctively the moment he sees a tree, by its shape and the way the cherries hang. He can also explain to you how, thanks to Smoot tariff and American technique, the Napoleon cherry has become the American maraschino and has definitely ended the reign of the French maraschino. It has so little color it doesn't need to be blanched much and takes artificial coloring admir-



ably. Mr. Whitesides is also most enthusiastic over his Hale peaches, a sport from Twin Falls that has better size and quality than its parent the Elberta. Why, you can't begin to get a single peach into a two quart jar, and the Hale sells for three times what the ordinary Elberta will bring.

And then there is grape lore. You'll see grapes that don't have to be irrigated, grapes that were planted deep, in trenches, Italian fashion. And you may hear of grape juice made from mixed Delawares and Muscats, grape juice that is like drinking perfume. You'll be surprised to find how the usual slip skin eastern varieties like the Delaware and the Concord sell far better in Utah than the ubiquitous California varieties. The mountain road can raise both kinds, but Utah people with the pronounced eastern strain in their blood want the eastern varieties.

AFTER you get out of the peach and cherry country, going north you take your last view of the Lake, drink at a mountain spring boiling up by the roadside and then descend into Whiskey Hollow, once a relay station for the stage on its way to Corinne and Butte. Here is one of the Hill farms, the greenest mountain slope in Utah, 140 acres of alfalfa, wheat, and trebi barley and 600 acres of oak brush range reaching to the top of the mountain, too dense for sheep but ideal for cattle. Just the kind of a ranch you long to possess. Here you get into the family heart of the road.

You have heard of Petits, Butchers, Waltons, Criddles, Wards, Raymonds and Harveys, but the Hills have been the longest living on the road. The first came in 1862. He was John Hill, a giant from Bristol, England, who weighed all the way from 320 to 360 pounds, but fortunately had broader shoulders than waist girth and was over six feet tall. He was the kind of man, who hearing his horse whinney in the night would jump up from the bed, find the horse's mate gone and, clad only in a night shirt and cap and ball revolver, would pursue the Indian thief and get his horse back. His family to the fourth generation is still on the farm. You would think you were in Vermont, so permanent is the farm tenure through the generations.

The Hills have accumulated many treasures through the generations, museum pieces of Royal Worcester china, green and gold brocade brought from England for men's vests and now descended to pincushions, solid silver coffee spoons with the marks of five generations of teeth on them, spear and arrow heads picked up on the farm in the wake of the plow, and a map of England printed on cloth a hundred years ago and showing the railroads and navigation routes as well as counties and cities. Perhaps you'd better bring your mother or your sister with you to see the Royal Worcester china that belongs to Mrs. George A. Hill. One is a little cup that was given to her grandmother, Susanna Lane, on her seventh birthday, almost a hundred and fifty years ago. It was made to order at the Worcester factory and presented by a little boy at the birthday party. It has Susanna's initials painted on it in gold, initials so gracefully looped and intertwined that it is one of the world's eternally lovely things. Another Royal Worcester piece is a plate with shells and seaweeds painted on it, a plate that china collectors would give their eyes to own, and that you may esteem yourself fortunate to gaze upon.

ABOUT a mile beyond the Hills you get to Uintah, the most Pompeian corner of Utah for memories, though there is nothing now in the alfalfa fields along the track to indicate the saloons, stores, and daughters of joy that used to line the thoroughfare when Uintah was the eastern end of the Union Pacific as well as the starting point for the stage which went to Salt Lake over the mountain road. The train would come in and passengers be met by rival stage drivers, each of whom would swear to get them into Salt Lake first. The stages

would fill up and away they would go as fast as the drivers could whip up the horses until they changed at a ten mile relay east of Kaysville. Now Uintah is the most peaceful village in Utah and the whitewashed letter "U" on the mountain side bears witness to the fact that Boy Scout spirit started the letter, but it turned out to be a man's job and now every spring Uintah has a community day to renew the whitewash and play ball.

The best man to visit in town is Timothy Kendall. He has set down everything. His wife was the daughter of Parley Pratt Parker Prophet and as you hear him tell of John Bybee, Lewis Hardy, Abiah Wadsworth, "Joseph Kingsbury who used to sit for years as keeper of the East Gate of the Salt Lake Temple" you glow with pride in the glorious inheritance of Utah names. They all come from distinguished wells of English. He has many memories. He knows the history of South Weber, only a mile away, the gathering place of the Morrisites, the only place in Utah where white people used cannon on each other. He knows England too, for with his cousin Henry Firth, who is now "worsen" 85, while he himself is worsen" 70, he went to England in 1887 to celebrate one of Victoria's jubilees. There were rates from all over the world and the round trip from Ogden to Liverpool cost only \$140. No modern missionary rates can come up to that. The jubilee was celebrated in every English town and village and the cousins even met the Prince of Wales as well as visited the native Yorkshire of their ancestors.

Any Boy Scout's heart will go out to Timothy Kendall for his green and lovable old age as well as his pioneer memories. He is the climax of the mountain road. You start with grapes and cherries and European connotations and you end with rare personalities like Mrs. George A. Hill and Timothy Kendall, an ending crowned not only with a merit badge but with countless roadside by-products.

And what is true of one mountain road is true of all in Utah, for they are all rosaries for piety and remembrance as well as vistas and vales of a land of milk and honey. Only the Boy Scout traveler must have eyes to see or a companion to open them. Hence this article.

## Alone

By Virginia Eggertson

WHEN I go out a-flower hunting,  
It is an easy task  
To carry home a fragrant bunch  
As pretty as you'd ask  
Within one little hour.

But after being out today,  
I have brought a single spray.  
Alone, it made a whole bouquet  
And I couldn't add a flower."

## Let Us Give Thanks

LET us this November give thanks that light "shineth in the darkness," that everywhere are indications that the love of the Lord is in the hearts of His children. We have seen dark hours, we may see others, but to him who has faith the morning is certain.

God loves His children, and millions of His children love God, for have they not given the proof in their care for their neighbors, their friends, and even their enemies. According to the Master that is the greatest proof of godliness. The beloved Apostle said, "Dear friends, let us love one another, for love comes from God, and everyone who loves is a child of God and knows God." —1 John 4:1-8.

Wickedness exists. For that we are sorry, for wickedness is walking in the dark when the light is available. A cloud has covered the earth, but it is lifting. Man, who is the representative of God on earth, is looking up through the clouds hoping for a new day. He has in his power to bring the morning light, to make the world beautiful and clean, and we should be thankful to note everywhere not only a yearning for the light but a striving to reach the light.

There is and will be opposition in many quarters. There are those without faith in man; who believe he has fallen from the encircling arms of God's love, and who await in trembling awe the vengeance of a wrathful God. There are those who are selfish, who do not desire the light for fear that it will interfere with their own nefarious enterprises. There are those who are weak; who would like to see the light, would like to reach the light, but who are deceived and frustrated by those others we have mentioned. But there are in the world in every land and clime men who have climbed up toward a practical Christianity who declare that man can and will rebuild the world, with the help of God, after the pattern laid down by the Son in His first and second commands—in the Golden Rule.

The council of the nations, the international good will fostered by the great Scout movement, the Women's movement, the dinner club movements, the pacts and business agreements on an international basis, and, on a national basis the effort to bring about in the N. R. A. a national spirit of cooperation, and the other great agencies at work in this land including the frank public statements of our President, all indicate that man has ceased to be a fatalist. He has come to believe that he is "but little lower than the angels" and that he can control the agencies of destruction as well as the agencies of progress and construction.

Let us give thanks at this time that the Psalmist sang a song long ago which gives us courage now:

"O Lord, our Lord,  
How glorious is thy name in all the earth!  
I will sing thy praise to the heavens,  
From the mouths of babes and infants.

Thou hast established strength because of thine enemies,  
To still the enemy and the revengeful.

"When I see thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,  
The moon and the stars which thou hast formed;  
What is man that thou shouldst think of him,  
And the son of man that thou shouldst care for him?

"Yet thou hast made him but little lower than God,  
And dost crown him with glory and honor!  
Thou madest him ruler over the works of thy hands,  
Thou hast put all things under his feet;

"All sheep and oxen  
And also the beasts of the field;  
The birds of the heavens and the fish of the sea,  
That traverse the paths of the sea.

"O Lord, our Lord,  
"How glorious is thy name in all the earth."  
—*Eighth Psalm—The Short Bible*  
—*American Translation.*

## New General Authorities

AT the recent conference held in Salt Lake City Elder Charles A. Callis, president of the Southern States Mission, was sustained as a member of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, and Elder John H. Taylor, as a member of the First Seven Presidents of Seventy. Both of these men have had a long experience in Church work and will bring to their new offices dignity and power.

## Should We Welcome or Avoid a Pestilence

ON November 7 the citizens of Utah are to vote upon the ratification of the 21st Amendment to the Constitution of the United States and also upon the repeal of their own state laws governing the liquor traffic. Whether Utah ratifies the 21st Amendment or not, indications are that the 18th Amendment will become null and void, but the voters of the state have the power to retain their own laws which will keep Utah dry.

In the face of wet arguments many people are bewildered. The dry-at-heart but wet-to-be-in-the-swim people say with a smile: "The saloon will never come back. We are wet, but we are for drastic control of the liquor business."

Such innocence in these sophisticated times is surprising and disappointing. The liquor habit is not a disease like diphtheria, typhoid, or small pox for which one can be vaccinated, yet it is epidemic and devastating. Those who succumb to liquor drag out a lingering, horrible existence to a disgraceful end and die in misery dragging



# Editorial

down to the depths of despair their immediate relatives and friends. Alcoholism is a pestilence which has scourged the earth for centuries.

The saloon is the breeding place of the alcoholic pestilence. Those who think it will not come back are certainly asleep or unconscious, for it is back not only in states which have no liquor laws other than the 18th Amendment, but in Utah as well. A place in which liquor is sold and drunk is a saloon. That is the definition of the word. If Utah's repeal their state laws governing the sale of liquor, then what control is left?

The wet argument, in its very nature, indicates that the wets do not want control. If liquor is to be brought back to furnish revenue for state and nation, it is only logical to believe that the more liquor there is sold the better it will be. Saloons are ideal places in which to sell liquor, for the reason that as men lose control of their senses they spend more and more until either they have no money left or they are too sodden to drink any more. They not only fill themselves up to the brim, but they fill their friends, and even the stranger who may happen to be in the place. If liquor is to be advanced as a revenue getter, then of course, we must have a place in which it will be sold and sold regardless of the despairing wife and the hungry and naked children who may be waiting heart-broken at home or in some shack or hovel.

To repeal the Utah state laws regarding liquor is to invite pestilence and disaster. Finding that liquor was truly a pestilence and that it could be controlled only as malaria is controlled by sanitation, the removal of places which breed the disease, the people of Utah cleaned up the state. They made saloons unlawful and the sale of liquor impossible under the law. In that state the sanitary measures were successful. Now before the laws are repealed at one sweep the people should pause and take thought.

Are we ready for repeal? If we remove our present laws what laws will govern the state liquor traffic? Should we not retain our present laws until new plans are laid for the control of this deadly pestilence, if we are to be compelled to tolerate it at all?

Who by his vote would sweep Utah with malaria, with typhoid, with small pox? Yet, alcohol has been proved to be more deadly than these.—H. R. M.

## Henry Grady, Though Dead, Speaks Again

*[Henry Grady, famed orator and journalist of half a century ago, gave one of the greatest speeches of his brilliant career in opposition to the reopening of the saloons in his home city, Atlanta, Georgia. See how his words fit our situation today:]*

MY friends, hesitate before you vote liquor back. \* \* \* now that it is shut out. Don't trust it. It is powerful, aggressive, and universal in its attacks. Tonight it enters an humble home

to strike the roses from a woman's cheeks, and tomorrow it challenges this republic in the halls of Congress.

"Today it strikes the crust from the lips of a starving child, and tomorrow levies tribute from the government itself. There is no cottage humble enough to escape it—no palace strong enough to shut it out. \* \* \*

"It is the mortal enemy of peace and order. The spoiler of men, the terror of women, the cloud that shadows the face of children, the demon that has dug more graves and sent more souls unshriven to judgment than all the pestilences that have wasted life since God sent the plagues to Egypt, and all the wars since Joshua stood before Jericho. \* \* \*

"It can profit no man by its return. It can uplift no industry, revive no interests, remedy no wrong. \* \* \* It comes to destroy, and it shall profit mainly by the ruin of your sons and mine. It comes to mislead human souls and crush human hearts under its rumbling wheels.

"It comes to bring gray-haired mothers down in sorrow to their graves. It comes to turn the wife's love into despair, and her pride into shame. It comes to still the laughter on the lips of little children, and to stifle all the music of the home and fill it with silence and desolation. It comes to ruin your body and mind, to wreck your home."

—From paper prepared by Alonzo L. Baker.

## President Franklin D. Roosevelt says:

UNDERLYING all our efforts is the conviction that men cannot live unto themselves alone.

"A democracy must be bound together by the ties of neighborliness.

"Social justice is becoming an ever-growing factor and influence in almost every part of the world.

"Spiritual values count in the long run more than material values."

## Alonzo Baker says:

WE may repeal Prohibition, but we cannot repeal the heartaches and the despair that are in legalized liquor.

"We may repeal Prohibition, but we cannot repeal the misery and the poverty that are in legalized liquor.

"We may repeal Prohibition, but we cannot repeal that law which says the use of liquor shortens life expectancy and makes the drinker a poorer physical risk.

"A dollar spent for wet goods cannot be spent for dry goods."

## President Heber J. Grant says:

MY opinion is that no greater hardship could come to this nation than to have the resale of liquor."

# Book Reviews



## "Utah—Resources and Activities"

*Edited and Compiled by*  
**PROFESSOR L. R. HUMPHREYS**  
*of the State Educational Staff*

*Assisted by*  
**SECRETARY A. C. MATHESON**  
*of the State Office for the Department  
 of Public Instruction of the  
 State of Utah*

FOR a long time," says Charles H. Skidmore, state superintendent of public instruction, in a prefatory note, "the schools of Utah have felt keenly the need of a book of general information on the resources and activities of the state. The Utah Manufacturers' Association and other organizations have suggested that such important data should be published and placed in the hands of pupils and teachers. Entering citizens have held that this work should be undertaken by the State Department of Public Instruction. With this in mind, and with a desire to serve the educational interests of the public, the State Department of Education has attempted to assemble here many essential facts in a single volume entitled "Utah—Resources and Activities."

Professor L. R. Humphreys and Mr. Matheson called to their assistance more than fifty experts of the state who wrote upon the phases of the "resources and activities" of the commonwealth with which they were most familiar. The result is a book of 458 pages containing 22 chapters and more than 150 illustrations including a scenic section in full color.

Reviewing the book would be like reviewing the dictionary or an encyclopedia. Indeed an encyclopedia it is, of useful knowledge concerning the Bee-Hive state from geology to game birds.

In this single volume is to be found information concerning many subjects. The adult as well as the pupil will find every chapter intensely interesting, for each chapter deals with the substance of which Utah life is made.

That the book will meet a need in the public schools of the state there can be no question. It is well printed on good paper and is serviceably bound in brown cloth. Superintendent Skidmore, Mr. Humphreys, Mr. Matheson, and the experts who contributed their information to the volume are all deserving of the gratitude of the citizens of Utah, for now in many homes, and in all of our public and school libraries,

this volume of helpful information will be available.

A list of the chapter headings will give the reader of this article a bird's-eye view of the contents of the volume: 1. Introduction; 2. Geography and Geology; 3. The Weather; 4. Land Ownership and Utilization; 5. Scenery, Parks, and Monuments; 6. The Forest and Range Resources; 7. Watersheds and Water Supply; 8. Plant Life; 9. Animal Life; 10. Conservation and Management of Wild Life; 11. History; 12. Departments of State Governments; 13. Population; 14. Education; 15. Wealth, Income, and Taxation; 16. Agriculture; 17. Mining and Mineral Wealth; 18. Manufacturing; 19. Public Utilities; 20. Public Highways; 21. Federal Cooperation in Utah; 22. Conclusion.

1 1 1

**PROFESSOR and Mrs. Eugene L. Roberts**, of Los Angeles, California, recommend the book, "Twenty Years of Growing," for reading. They say it is delightful as well as helpful. What do you recommend?

## The Short Bible

THE AMERICAN TRANSLATION IN  
 BRIEF

*Edited by*  
**EDJAR J. GOODSPEED and**  
**J. M. P. SMITH**

(The University of Chicago Press,  
 545 pages, \$2.00)

MANY things have been done with and to the Bible during the past fifty or one hundred years, but it remains for The Short Bible, edited by Goodspeed and Smith of the University of Chicago to mark the most daring of all of the efforts to make the Bible truly readable and enjoyable to the younger generation. Not only is this new Bible in the vernacular of today, it is shortened and explained, rearranged, and repunctuated.

Thousands of people have become familiar enough with the Smith-Goodspeed American translation to find in it beauties which were entirely hidden by the old King James translation. That change from the majestic and dignified English of the scholars of three hundred years ago to the common language of today was startling, but now the authors have startled us again by daring to suggest that Amos, not Genesis, should come first in the Old Testament, and that the Pauline epistles should open the New Testament. Indeed they have not only suggested that

change, they have made it. The books of Genesis to Joshua are placed seventeenth in this modernized book of scripture, and the Gospels are placed in their chronological positions in the New Testament.

As an explanation of this arrangement of the book, Dr. Goodspeed in his preface says: "After consultation with many experienced teachers of the English Bible it has become clear that, to be most useful, it should present the various books in the chronological order of their composition, so that earlier religious ideas come first and more developed ones later. So arranged, the book becomes an introduction to the development of Hebrew and Christian religious thought, and the great messages of the prophets and evangelists stand out in their full originality. And, finally, each book should be preceded by a brief account of its origin and purpose; a statement of when and why it was written, for historical study has shown how essential such introductions are to any real understanding of the books."

Undoubtedly there will be many, despite the fact that Dr. Goodspeed says the scholars are pretty well agreed, who will not admit that the arrangement of the books in The Short Bible is the correct one, but that matter will not interfere with the enjoyment the reader may get from this volume which gives only "those parts of it (The Bible) which everyone ought to be acquainted with, from a literary, historical, or religious point of view." (From the Preface.)

In defense, or perhaps it would be better to say, in the explanation of the book, Dr. Goodspeed says: "A cultivated woman once remarked that she had always supposed the Bible was to look up references in. It is too true that many people actually know no other use for it. Its size, variety, and obscurity bewilder them. They need a bridge to carry them over these gulfs to the understanding and appreciation of it. This is why so many shortened Bibles have made their appearance of late years. They are not meant as substitutes for the Bible but as introductions to it."

As an introduction to the Bible this new book is admirable. Many of us, however, will find some of our most treasured stories and poems left out of it. That is not serious since we have the complete Bible at our service and even the American translation which is followed in the present text.

(Continued on page 804)



# Lights & Shadows on the Screen



FROM the office of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, department of Public Relations, comes the following information, over the signature of Alice Ames Winter:

"As we write there is still going on in Washington a hot altercation over the Motion Picture Code. Conflicting interests of Producer, Distributor and Exhibitor clash with each other. Among the crucial and long discussed questions still to be settled are those relating to block booking and double billing. Concerning the latter multitudes of women's organizations have joined in protest, believing that it is jeopardizing both the excellence and the entertainment values of picture shows, thereby hurting business as well. But it looks as though the government would settle it with regard only to its possible effect on employment.

"Meanwhile in the code submitted through the conferences headed by the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors (which is the basis for the discussion) there has been inserted a provision concerning the ethical content of pictures, together with the machinery for self determination on standards. Of course this is the question with which we are most deeply concerned, and which we are hoping will stand when the final form is given to the instrument which is to govern pictures under the N. R. A.

"There is a manifest movement toward pictures of greater significance.

No one who saw it on the stage can forget *Emperor Jones*. It deserves the adjective 'great,' often used too carelessly; poignant, tragic, seeming to dip deeply into the springs of life. The picture maintains the high qualities of the play. It will stir millions—but it is not a happy story.

"*S. O. S. Iceberg* on the other hand, filmed largely in cold Greenland, is very beautiful. Although it is not a story in the ordinary sense it is thrilling and captivating in its portrayal of the struggles of men and wonderful dogs in beautiful backgrounds—with a Hollywood story tacked on.

"*The World Changes* sweeps over the great canvas of American history

from early pioneering days in the Dakota territory to the present time—finely directed, brilliant in acting and impressive in its meaning.

"The Hollywood Reporter has canvassed 3,440 theaters, city theaters and small towns as to the real box office stars. It's an interesting record for us picture workers. The first five women and men are as follows:

"Marie Dressler, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Janet Gaynor, Mae West (only one picture so far), Wallace Beery, Clark Gable, Lionel Barrymore, Will Rogers, Frederic March.

"The second group who are lesser, but still 'box office' are:

"Joan Blondell, Jean Harlow, Ruth Chatterton, Ann Harding, Helen Hayes, George Arliss, Eddie Cantor, Maurice Chevalier, James Cagney, Robert Montgomery."

There is a definite trend toward better pictures of recent months, and a tendency on the part of theater-goers to patronize pictures of a higher type. If the often-cited comparison of events with the pendulum of the clock is dependable, it can truly be said that the pendulum is swinging toward pictures with decency, uplift and wholesome message—although the word "wholesome" somehow seems to frighten people into thinking it means prudish and preachy, which it does not.

It has been claimed that the law of contraries which seems to govern many decrees that a list of recommended pictures automatically will be avoided, and unapproved pictures will draw crowds; statistics prove this to be untrue. Of the stars named above as favorites, most are usually presented in unobjectionable films; the others appeal, in spite of the pictures, because of strong personalities and excellent acting ability.

The following are estimates of pictures made by various organizations interested in better films, and reported through their chairmen:

## Berkeley Square

Remarkable version of remarkable play; Leslie Howard and Heather Angel stand out superbly in one of the best pictures of the month.

## Ever in my Heart

Powerful, moving story of the tragedy of a German-American marriage, caused by the world war. High honors to Otto Kruger for fine characterization of sensitive, idealistic German; Barbara Stanwyck and Ralph Bellamy also good. *Adults and young people.*

## The World Changes

Strong portrayal of three generations of America as seen in the rise and fall of a family. It follows one man through young dreams to great power and bitter disillusionment, with a final gleam of hope seen in the fine young grandson who returns to the soil. *Family.*

## Beauty For Sale

Except for several bits which border on vulgarity, this could be recommended. As it is, it is cleverly done, especially in spots. *Adults and young people.*

## Brief Moment

Entertaining in-law problem of café singer who marries wealthy playboy and tries to make a man of him. More interest in characterization and dialogue than action. *Adults and young people.*

## Broadway to Hollywood

Three generations of actors, carried through a story with humor, brilliance and a human quality. Not a picture of highest grade, yet it has merit. *Family.*

## Chance at Heaven

Young man who marries the wrong girl, thinking it to be his chance at heaven, is brought back to sane values in the end. *Adults and young people.*

**Midshipman Jack**

Finely told story of discipline at Annapolis, interwoven with a thread of romance, loyalty and affection. Outstanding for *family*.

**One Sunday Afternoon**

Engaging story of the braggart of the '90's who overcomes two pet obsessions through the deep devotion of his wife. *Adults and young people*.

**Saturday's Millions**

Good clean comedy of football and romance, with an unusual twist at the end, make a good picture. Drinking scenes mar it. *Family*.

**Turn Back the Clock**

What would have happened if, in his youth, a man had made a different choice is delightfully shown in this Lee Tracy Picture. *Family*.

**Torch Singer**

Emotional drama of thwarted mother-love played well by Claudette Colbert. Irregular sex relations and a suggestive song make the picture worldly-wise in type; lesson good. *Adults*.

**Car No. Seventeen**

Good crime story with modern police methods and all sympathy on the side of law and order. *Family*.

**Kennel Murder Case**

Wickedness plays a losing game in this modern substitute for the old time novel—a theme that has wide appeal. Plot too complicated for children, but they will like the dogs. *Family*.

**Footlight Parade**

Another musical, moving so fast it is breath-taking. Unconventional, often rough, with much display of flesh, it is withal not offensive in underlying ethical basis. *Adults*.

**My Weakness**

Rhythmical musical fantasy with Cinderella theme. Clever plot and cinder and catchy melodies cannot redeem the many unfortunate suggestive inferences and lines of dialogue.

**Book Reviews**

Continued from  
page 802

Undoubtedly the person who makes this Short Bible his companion will find in it many beautiful things. In it he can become acquainted with the various messages of the Hebrew masters, but unless this version does really lead him into the Bible he cannot say that he "knows" that great book. Reading this short Bible and saying he knows the Bible would be like reading "Crossing the Bar" and "The Idyls of the King" and saying he knows Tennyson.

The editorial notes preceding the chapters are decidedly helpful. To have eminent scholars like Drs. Goodspeed and Smith sit down with one and tell one in clear brief language just what the book is about is to have that book take on new interest and meaning.

While not all of the pages of The Bible as we have always known it, and indeed not all of the interesting pages of that Bible are included in this volume, one can declare with certainty that not a dull page has been included. Here is the cream of the great Hebrew poems and stories couched in modern English, punctuated as we are in the habit of seeing our poems and narratives punctuated, printed in large,

clear type on good white paper. All of these things make the Short Bible enthralling reading. Though in this new form the book may not seem, on account of tradition, so like scripture, it will undoubtedly have a greater appeal as literature.

To the readers of this magazine Dr. Edgar J. Goodspeed needs no introduction for the reason that several of his delightful essays have been printed in these pages. Those essays, alone, ought to be guarantees that the translation of the New Testament, which is the part made by Dr. Goodspeed, will be found to be forceful as well as graceful English.

**What's in a Word?**

Continued from  
page 777

flowers grew and there was happiness in the world, for Ceres, cheerfully attended to all of her duties. But as soon as Proserpina returned to her lower home, the mother retired to her dark cave and the skies wept and all nature mourned Proserpina's departure.

THIS myth was a poetic explanation by the ancients of the seasons. The sorrow of Ceres, the mother of all things, over the absence of her daughter, spring or vegetation, was the gloom which covers the earth during the cheerless months of winter.

And all this meaning is wrapped up in the common little word *cereal*.

*Tantalize* embodies an interesting story also. Tantalus was one of the sons of Uranus (Heaven) and Gaea (Earth), who had warred against Jupiter and been defeated. Before he was cast into Tartarus he had been a monarch and much favored of the gods. He was naturally a wicked person, however, and committed many serious crimes. Among these was the murder of his own son. Because of these crimes, when he died, he was condemned to everlasting punishment. He was made to stand in water up to his chin, in pure, clear water which whenever he stooped to quench his tormenting thirst, would always flow away from him. Also there hung just over his head branches of luscious fruit, which when he reached for them to appease his gnawing hunger, always swung upward and away, eluding his grasp.

With all this significance back

of the word, who would not chide one for *tantalizing* another?

*Atlas* was a huge giant destined to support the heavens upon his shoulders for countless ages. *January* comes from the name of the god of the past, present and future, the patron of all beginnings. He was believed to have two faces turned in opposite directions because he was acquainted with the past and the future as well as with the present, and because he was considered an emblem of the sun which opens and closes the day. He presided over all gates and avenues. It is therefore, easy to see that our prosaic term *janitor* is derived from this old Roman god, the keeper of doors and gates in the real as well as in the figurative sense.

There are numerous other words bound up with fascinating mythological characters and stories. Such words as chaotic, geology, Europe, cupid, zephyr, flora, morphine, mercury, protean, siren, lyre, echo, narcissus, halcyon, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, fury, chimera, herculean, Amazon, argonaut, orphan, hector, vulcanize, myrmidon, stentorian, paladium, siren, harpy, jovial, martial, vestal, plutocrat, museum, satire, auroral, chronology, wierd, titanic, and many others have a halo of romance about them which would add to our enrichment and pleasure if we would but become aware of their relationship to the fascinating study of mythology.

"Without knowing the force of words, it is impossible to know men."—Confucius.



## Restraints and Conventions—Why?

Continued from  
page 773

"For the kingdom of heaven is as a man traveling into a far country, who called his own servants, and delivered unto them his goods.

"And unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his several ability; and straightway took his journey.

"Then he that had received the five talents went and traded with the same, and made them other five talents.

"And likewise he that had received two, he also gained other two.

"But he that had received one went and digged in the earth and hid his lord's money.

"After a long time the lord of those servants cometh, and reckoneth with them.

"And so he that had received five talents came and brought other five talents, saying, Lord, thou deliverest unto me five talents: behold, I have gained beside them five talents more.

"His lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

"He also that had received two talents came and said, Lord, thou deliverest unto me two talents: behold, I have gained two other talents beside them.

"His lord said unto him, Well done, good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

"Then he which had received the one talent came and said, Lord, I knew thee that thou art an hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strawed:

"And I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth: lo, there thou hast that is thine.

"His lord answered and said unto him, Thou wicked and slothful servant, thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not, and gather where I have not strawed:

"Thou oughtest therefore to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury.

"Take therefore the talent from him, and give it unto him which hath ten talents.

"For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.

"And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." (Matt. 25:14-30.)

This is a law which operates in the physical, intellectual and spiritual world with equal certainty and force.

An athlete who fails to train, loses the race which is won by someone else.

A great intellect unemployed, loses its power and finally decays, while some other intellect which has been used to its utmost does the work which the first might have performed.

A great spiritual gift, unused, is lost by its possessor and is given to someone else, that is, the work to be done through the gift is carried on by someone else who is willing to honor and use the gift.

NOW all these results follow the violation of this law of the talent, just as certainly, as constantly, as uniformly as follow the results of the violation of any law of which we know, whether the law be physical, intellectual, or spiritual. Our consent has nothing to do with the operation of the law, nor has our wish or desire or our knowledge of it.

As the parachute tempers the operation of the law of gravitation, or the asbestos glove the operation of the laws of heat, or the rubber gloves the laws of electricity, just so the mercy of God and his grace may temper the operation of any spiritual law; but (again appealing to human knowledge and experience) the law stands, however much God, in his infinite mercy, may temper its operation or mitigate its penalty.

Furthermore, in certain laws and rules relating to the conduct of men, as among themselves or as affecting themselves in their relation to God, the Almighty may suspend or modify the performance of the law or rule; but the law stands, to become again operative when the Lord wills.

It is clear from what has been said that the great laws governing the universe—physical, intellectual, and spiritual—are co-existent with that universe as known to us: they are self-executory, that is, they enforce themselves, no one needs to enforce them; they operate independently of man's will, consent, or desire; they operate impartially and universally; every creature, human or animal, every other created thing, is subject to the applicable law.

It follows that whether we wish or whether we do not wish restraint, yet restraint is inherent in all creation: it has endured in the past; it will exist in the future. Efforts to ignore restraint, or to evade it, or to destroy it, will meet with failure. The Law will say to us, as the Lord said to Saul journeying to Damascus: "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." Saul

surrendered to the law; so shall we.

On the other hand the law operates just as certainly in its blessings as in its penalties. If we avoid the cliff, we do not fall; if we do not touch the stove, we are not burned; if we leave the charged electric wire alone, we are not injured. So in intellectual and spiritual matters: if we do not offend, we suffer no injury. But in intellectual and spiritual matters, obedience to law brings not only the blessing of mere absence of penalty, but it brings also, in every case, increased power and strength, it brings growth and development, it brings us nearer to the ultimate goal pronounced by the Master: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect." And this truth is the wonder and the glory of our intellectual and spiritual lives.

In this view, how superficial and tragic is the thought that there is no controlling law (physical, intellectual, or spiritual); that all is mere convention; that all is the result of chance or of man's own will; that all may be changed to suit either his whim or his seeming convenience.

In this view also what error to deal with the eternal verities on the assumption that they may be changed by human will, or that human authority can relieve the individual or the race from their operation. The Presidency of the Church cannot change the law; it is eternal, immutable. God may from time to time speak, and he has spoken, through his chosen servants, suspending or modifying great principles, or mitigating the rigors of the law. But truth stands; and the truth (delivered through the Lord's anointed) which suspends or modifies the principles or law, is just as mandatory as the law itself.

TRUTH and law are eternal; they have always existed; they will always exist.

Some young people appear to feel that the laws and principles of the Church are changing. This is an error; truth cannot change.

Young people who feel thus, fail to make a necessary distinction between a law or principle, on the one hand, and a rule or regulation prescribed to accomplish or facili-

tate the observance of the law, on the other.

Perhaps it would be useful to develop somewhat this thought.

In the revelation giving the fundamental and much discussed Word of Wisdom, the Lord has given instructions showing that tobacco, alcohol, tea, coffee, and other things, are not good for the body of man. This revelation is given "not by commandment or constraint, but by revelation and the Word of Wisdom, showing forth the order and will of God in the temporal salvation of all saints in the last days."

There is in this revelation no categorical "thou shalt not" of the Decalogue; on the contrary this revelation is "given for a principle with promise, adapted to the capacity of the weak and the weakest of all saints, who are or can be called saints." There are no penalties prescribed for a violation of the law, but blessings are promised through its obedience.

"And all saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, shall receive health in their navel and marrow to their bones;

"And shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures;

"And shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint.

"And I, the Lord, give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them."

Now, this Word of Wisdom is the Lord's law of health. Modern science supports it in every particular.

It is demonstrated that nicotine, alcohol, tannin, and caffeine exert their effects upon the body, and the Lord and modern science say these effects are harmful. These effects are visited upon us whether we wish the effects or not; whether we consent to them or disprove them. These noxious things enforce their own mandates against the body, no other agency is necessary or used. This is the law.

Some complain about the Word of Wisdom as if it were a rule of conduct imposed upon them by the Church authorities, and so a rule that could be changed by the Church authorities. In accordance with this idea certain persons have suggested changes or modifications of the Word of Wisdom. But the Word of Wisdom is not a rule of conduct; it is a law—the Lord's law—of health. It was promulgated by him. The law existed

before he told it to us; it would exist if the revelation were blotted out from the book. The Church authorities have nothing to do with the law. God, speaking through the forces of the physical world has prescribed it, and so long as those forces exist the law will remain.

It is therefore the foolish ignorance of a child, to assume that the First Presidency can issue a rule that will permit the use of any of these injurious things without their harmful effects. It would be an easy and, in one sense, a pleasing gesture, as satisfying Church members who wish to use these harmful substances, to declare the Word of Wisdom no longer existent. But such a declaration would be no more efficacious than a declaration that the law of gravitation no longer operates.

SO much may be said about the law; something may now be said regarding rules and regulations set up to secure the observance of the law.

It has been pointed out above that there is a near relationship between biological man and moral man; that neither the nature of this relationship, nor its nearness is now understood. But this relationship, whatever it is and however near it may be, is of sufficient importance so that God gave to ancient Israel wandering in the Wilderness, and to his people in our day, a law of health.

It may be observed in passing that the difference in the character of the two codes of laws given and of the things proscribed in each, is an important illustration and example of how God speaks to a people in accordance with their stage of knowledge, their culture, and their surroundings. I do not pretend to say why the Lord gave to Israel some commands and withheld others. But this much may be said. It was seemingly unnecessary to forbid the use of tobacco, tea, and coffee to ancient Israel, for apparently they knew nothing of these things; and alcoholism though forbidden to the priests under certain conditions and discountenanced to the people, had not taken hold of them. It was unnecessary in our day to give the intimate instructions of the Mosaic code concerning sanitation and diet, because science was revealing to us the laws relating to such things, and we were generally obeying

them. But our science had not yet reached, when the Word of Wisdom was given, accepted conclusions upon drugs and narcotics, nor upon the effects of alcoholism which had become almost a besetting sin. In this situation the Lord revealed his modern law of health. So God spoke to each people in the language and terms they understood and in accordance with their needs.

Since, on account of the near relationship between biological man and moral man, the health of the people is of vital importance, the Church naturally uses its utmost influence to make and keep its members healthy. So the Church adopts rules, designed to aid in securing an observance of the Word of Wisdom—the law of health. Thus, to name but one such, it makes a rule that non-observers of the Word of Wisdom shall not be welcomed in our Temples. This is a rule as distinguished from a law. This rule could be changed, and it will doubtless disappear when the Lord's law of health is observed by his people, though the law will still stand. Since admission to our Temples is a great boon and blessing, this rule leads to our observance of the Word of Wisdom.

One more illustration of the difference between a law and a rule or regulation may be given:

The law of talents, already referred to, embraces within its purview the curse of idleness, for an idle person never cultivates or improves a talent. Therefore, rules and regulations are from time to time prescribed by the Lord, through the Church, to secure industry and destroy idleness. Anything which promotes or leads to idleness must be discouraged, particularly if it shall also involve or tend to lead to other habits that shall normally bring us to transgression.

It is on this account that card-playing is discountenanced by the Church. It is not generally contended that card-playing is an inherent sin. But card-playing seems to take hold of those addicted to it in such a way that it frequently becomes almost their major thought and purpose in life, at least so far as leisure time or social intercourse is concerned. But card-playing provides no growth in spirit; it produces no development in mind, commensurate with the time spent. It is thus in good part a waste of time, hence in effect idleness, which is a curse. Some people affirm they



play cards merely as a mental relaxation from strenuous work, or to divert their minds from brooding and anxiety. But there are many useful and diverting pastimes that might be used for the same purpose and from which some cultural or educational advantage might be derived; obvious diversions of the latter kind are good music and good literature, history, fiction, poetry, drama. The general effect of card-playing upon the people as a whole cannot be characterized as wholesome.

**FURTHERMORE**, card-playing tends to lead to gambling, and gambling at cards (bridge for example) frequently becomes an absorbing and harmful mania which destroys both the effort and the desire to engage in useful vocation or avocation. But this is not the worst: The gambling habit is like a narcotic, it grows upon those who have it, until it may so affect their integrity as to make them cheats and thieves. Of course, many people play cards who do not succumb to the lure of gambling and these do not correspondingly suffer.

So looking to the whole question and the problems involved, the Church has felt it must discourage card-playing, not because (as has been many times pointed out) card-playing is itself to be considered as a cardinal sin, but because human experience shows that card-playing too frequently leads to sin.

This discouragement of card-playing may be considered as a rule or regulation established to secure the observance of a law—the law of the talents which makes of idleness a curse.

As soon as any other game, no matter what it may be, so develops that its harmful effects overshadow its benefits, it must fall under a like ban.

An illustration of how a regulation may be abrogated because not applicable to change conditions, may be added. We take it from the law of health of ancient Israel. For evidently the Lord's law is as already indicated, that his people must be healthy and clean.

To Moses was given a dietary and sanitary code that was to govern Israel. It was a code founded on scientific principles. It was the most complete not only of its own time, but of the millenniums that followed. It would be difficult for

any student to escape the conclusion that the Mosaic dietary and sanitary code was dictated from a full knowledge of biological laws as well as a complete knowledge of human physiology and of advanced medical and scientific principles. One of the prohibitions of that code ran against the use by the Israelites of sea foods "that have not fins and scales."

Today we eat many wholesome sea foods that do not meet this ancient requirement. Again it must be said that it is not for me to attempt to suggest the reasons why the Lord gave this great law, nor the reasons why he made this and other dietary distinctions. But looking at the matter from the point of view of human knowledge, one reason why the Lord forbade such things to ancient Israel might have been the extreme perishability of certain sea foods which would not be found either in the Wilderness or in Palestine, sea foods which rapidly decay, and which, in decaying, generate poisons, destructive of health and, indeed, of life itself. Ancient Israel had no such rapid transportation as would enable the delivery of such food materials while they were still fresh, and no refrigerating processes by which they might preserve such sea food materials pending the time they were to be eaten. Under such conditions, even a wise human lawgiver would today enact such a law as was given to ancient Israel, and for the reasons I have suggested. But however that may be, the Lord made to Israel an absolute prohibition against the eating of certain of such foods.

But in our time, with our rapid transportation, our efficient refrigeration, such sea foods may be properly preserved and, so preserved, seem as wholesome as other sea foods that have fins and scales; the Lord has not forbidden these foods to us and we eat them.

Thus the law that God's people must be clean and healthy has not changed, but the rule prescribed to

secure obedience to the law has changed with the change in the manner of our living.

**IT** is not necessary to elaborate further the thesis that restraint (that is, law) and convention (that is, rule and regulation) are necessary, nor that law permeates and controls the whole universe which we know—physical, intellectual, and spiritual. Enough has been said to suggest that neither law, nor rule and regulation, except in trivial matters, are arbitrarily imposed by some despotic, ignorant agency; that however imposed and by whatsoever or by whomsoever imposed, the laws are immutable, self-executory, and beyond the human will; and that laws may be suspended or their effects mitigated by the operation of other laws. Furthermore, in view of what has been said, it is unnecessary to multiply illustrations of why regulations are necessary and of how they may change. A little thought will show to any serious minded young person that these rules and regulations, framed to secure obedience to law, may change as methods and modes of life change, and that the changing of a rule and regulation is not a change of law and principle, which are eternal and unchangeable.

It is the first duty of young Latter-day Saints prayerfully to seek to know the law that they may render obedience to it, and next to learn the rule and regulation that they may diligently and reverently study them, that they may understand, know the reasons for, and live them. Many will be surprised to learn how understanding wipes out prejudice, resentment, and rebellion against those rules of life which make for righteousness.

This much may be said with certainty and with no possible successful challenge: The young people of the Church will search in vain for any law or rule or regulation of the Church, obedience to which will not make them better citizens, give them a richer cultural life, and bring to them a greater joy and peace than they have ever before known; they will search in vain for law, rule, or regulation, obedience to which will bring any shade of sorrow or tinge of regret. This cannot be said for much of the new "freedom" which too many unthinking have taken into their lives.

## Knowing

By G. Selander

**WE** do not understand and life seems dark.

We cannot comprehend the inner spark  
Of love that bids us give, and so be blest,  
But we must do, and doing know the  
rest!

# Melchizedek Priesthood

## Keeping Track of the Ward Membership

By ELDER DAVID O. McKAY

THE communication from Elder David O. McKay, of the Council of the Twelve, representing the Priesthood committee of the general authorities, to a stake president in Idaho was thought to be of sufficient importance to be published on this page. It is of importance not only to the presidents and group leaders of the quorums of the Melchizedek Priesthood but to auxiliary presidents and bishops as well.

The new plan for carrying on ward priesthood activity is not succeeding in many places chiefly because bishops are failing to have these regular correlation meetings. The letter is self-explanatory.

September 28, 1933

Dear Brother:

At the request of the Presiding Bishopric I take pleasure in replying to that part of your letter to them of the 14th inst., which refers to what you term "the larger plan" of the correlation work.

You ask specifically if it is "advisable to commence the work of the larger plan of the Correlation of Organizations in Accounting for Everyone?"

In the "Supplement" to "In the Realm of Quorum Activity, Second Series," we find the following: "During the year 1931, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints inaugurated a campaign to 'account for everyone.' Hundreds of committees worked untiringly and faithfully in family to family visits to obtain complete records. The campaign was highly successful, so that at the beginning of the year 1932, there might be found in the hands of every ward clerk the name, address and standing not only of every child but of every member of the Church."

Please note the phrase, "not only of

every child but of every member of the Church." It is the duty of ward clerks to continue to keep this enrollment complete, so that not only the residence but the actual condition and welfare of every person may be known by some organization, group or agency in the Church. To this end all quorums and auxiliary organizations unite their efforts in the Ward Correlation Committee, the personnel of which consists of the following:

1. The Bishopric (Presidency of the Ward.)
2. The group leader of the High Priests.
3. The group leader or president of Seventy.
4. The group leader or president of Elders.
5. Relief Society president.
6. Sunday School superintendent.
7. Y. M. M. I. A. president.
8. Y. L. M. I. A. president.
9. Primary superintendent.

10. Representative of Seminary.
11. Ward clerk.

This group and others whom the Bishopric may call should meet once each month and assign the inactive members of the Ward to the organizations with which the inactive should be affiliated. The committee representatives of these organizations will then report these names to their respective groups, and the enlistment and visiting committees of the several groups will function as real missionaries in efforts to awaken interest in the lives of those who have been careless and indifferent.

Your second query relates to "blank reports and order of business for this monthly meeting."

Thus far, each stake has prepared its own reports. The following are suggestive:

A Card Index, in which is recorded the names of all ward members, each card containing the following information:

Mel. Priest.	Arr. Priest.	R. S.	S. S.	M. I. A.	Prim.	Sem.	Gen.	Inactive

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(Surname first)

Address \_\_\_\_\_  
(In pencil)

Date of Birth \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Remarks: \_\_\_\_\_

Check in Pencil Quorum and Auxiliary in which active.

If inactive indicate on card by special mark.

Indicate on card the auxiliary to which assigned.

### Correlation Activities

	MALES							FEMALES					
	Mel. Priest.	Arr. Priest.	S. S.	M.I.A.	Primary	Jr. Sem.	Total Males	R. S.	S. S.	M.I.A.	Primary	Jr. Sem.	Total Females
Inactive Cases Assigned													
Assigned Cases Visited													
Assig'd Cases Responding													

Did you hold a correlation committee meeting during this month? \_\_\_\_\_

Number attending \_\_\_\_\_

General Comments \_\_\_\_\_



## Monthly Report of Correlation Committee

Ward \_\_\_\_\_ Stake \_\_\_\_\_ Month of \_\_\_\_\_  
 PROGRAM OF ACCOUNTING

	MALES						FEMALES				
	4 to 11	12 13 14	15 16	17 18 19	20 and over	Total	4 to 11	12 13 14	15 16	17 18 19	Total
Total Ward Membership											
No. Over 8 Not Baptized											
No. High Priests in Ward	X	X	X								
No. Seventies in Ward	X	X	X								
No. Elders in Ward	X	X	X								
No. Priests in Ward	X	X									
No. Teachers in Ward	X	X									
No. Deacons in Ward	X										
No. Boys Not Holding Priesthood	X										
No. Enrolled in Relief Society	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X			
No. Enrolled in Sunday School											
No. Enrolled in M. I. A.	X						X				
No. Enrolled in Primary			X	X	X	X			X	X	X
No. Enrolled in Junior Seminary			X	X	X	X			X	X	X
No. Not Enrolled in any Org.											

## Correlation Summary

Stake \_\_\_\_\_ Month \_\_\_\_\_ Organization \_\_\_\_\_

Ward	a. Ward Membership b. No. Enrolled	MALES						FEMALES					
		4 to 11	12 13 14	15 16	17 18 19	20 and Over	Total	4 to 11	12 13 14	15 16	17 18 19	Total	
	a.												
	b.												
	a.												
	b.												
	a.												
	b.												

## Secretary's Monthly Record of Assignment and Progress

NAME	ORGANIZATION TO WHICH ASSIGNED									Report of Progress After One Month
	Mel. Priest.	Arr. Priest.	R. S.	S. S.	Y. M.	Y. L.	Pri.	Sem.	Gen.	

Suggested Order of Business  
for Ward Correlation  
Meeting

1. Prayer.
2. Roll Call.
3. Report of visits to persons assigned at previous meeting.
4. Discussion of problems involving quorum and auxiliary practice. Cor-

relation of programs of different quorums, auxiliaries and Ward agencies.  
 New assignments and re-assignment of cases.

5. Correction and completion of Records.
  - a. Changes in Ward membership;
  - b. Changes in Quorums.
  - c. Report of person eligible.
    1. For baptism.

2. To be ordained to office in Priesthood.

6. Special instructions.
7. Benediction.

Trusting that these few suggestions will be helpful to you and wishing you continued and increased success in this most important phase of Church and community work, I remain,

Sincerely yours,  
 David O. McKay.

# Aaronic Priesthood

## Be of Good Cheer

WARD TEACHERS' MESSAGE FOR DECEMBER

*Prepared by Oscar W. McConkie, Under Appointment of the Presiding Bishopric*

**I**F temporal distress has laid a heavy hand upon you, be of good cheer, for life's greatest values remain. Your balanced accounts will show a great preponderance of joy over sorrow. Adduce the facts and be appeased for in this generation the heavens opened anew, and God stood revealed. Knowledge, long lost, was restored. Truth came also up out of the dust, a new witness for God, and great revelations continued from on high. A marvelous work and a wonder began in a blaze of Celestial light, while mighty angels descended from the throne of Grace, and power and authority were given sufficient to officiate in all the ordinances of the Gospel for all mankind, whether living or dead.

The primitive organization of the Church was restored, with spiritual gifts as abundant as before. Faith, repentance, baptism, and the gift of the Holy Ghost, with wisdom and treasures of knowledge, are available. With arms extended the Mediator manifests His spirit and pleads our cause. God pre-

sides in the heavens, and His forgiveness is as free as of old. The atoning blood of Him who suffered temptation yet gave no heed to it is still cleansing, and the Holy Ghost continues to witness truth. Prophets, seers and revelators direct the Church according to divine will.

Hope of the kingdom of heaven has not been cut off from the poor in spirit. The mourner will be comforted. The meek will have their inheritance, and those who seek righteousness will find it. Mercy continues the reward of the merciful, and the pure in heart have assurance that they shall see God, while peacemakers shall be called His children.

The righteous who are persecuted for righteousness' sake will gain the kingdom of heaven. All men are amenable to God and the law of compensation has not been abrogated. Faithful servants of the Master shall have their reward. The seasons, seed time and harvest continue, and the sun's rays are as powerful as before.

The moon, stars, and romance continue, while mountains, valleys, and plains, with their lakes and streams, in their majesty, quietude, and music, are as inspirational as in times past. Untamed nature is still animating and the beauty and aroma of flowers are as delightful as before. Perpetual laws govern the universe. Obedience insures blessings, and peace and repose are gained on the same terms as yesterday.

Health may be had and kept; love lives; the flame of patriotism burns, and America is a land of liberty, whose constitution the Lord suffered to be established.

If arrogant men subject or tyrannize you, it was so with men of old. Even the Son of Man was oppressed, suffering beyond the power of man to endure, so be of good cheer and with patience and full obedience hold your peace. Whether sorrow be temporary or of long duration it must not lead to despair, but rather through hope, faith, and charity attain ultimate and final victory.

## Correlation Demonstration Shows Excellent Results

**A**T the regular monthly meeting of the priesthood of Pioneer Stake held Monday, October 2, 1933, the Aaronic Priesthood Correlation Committee members conducted a Correlation Convention. The outstanding feature was a demonstration of a ward correlation committee meeting of the Cannon Ward under the direction of Bishop Tracy Y. Cannon. Bishop Cannon explained that for the demonstration the regular October meeting of the ward Aaronic Priesthood Correlation Committee would be conducted without any attempt whatever to dramatize or "stage" a demonstration.

Following roll call and the reading of the minutes members of the bishopric discussed problems of the Aaronic Priesthood of the ward. Such items as discipline in Priesthood quorums and auxiliary meetings; best methods of handling unruly young men and other items were discussed. The successes in various departments were noted by the bishopric and those responsible were congratulated. A chart was presented and approved which listed the members of the correlation committee

of the ward in the Priests, Teachers and Deacons groups. This chart had been prepared with the idea of having it made in blueprint form so that it might be placed in a conspicuous position in each department in order that all concerned might know their relationship to the general plan and to their particular departments.

Following the general session, Bishop Cannon and all leaders of Priests in their activities in the priesthood quorums, Sunday School and M. I. A. retired to another section of the building. The leaders of Deacons were led by Counselor Gold into another Section. Counselor Sorenson demonstrated the activities of the Teachers' Quorum group before the convention. Lists had been prepared in advance showing the names of all young men in the ward in the various age groups. Deacons 12, 13 and 14, Teachers 15 and 16, and Priests 17, 18 and 19. Elder Sorenson called for reports on the visits assigned at the previous meeting and the problems confronting each boy were discussed. Some of the reports were very encouraging, showing good results. Others indicated that per-

sistent effort and followup would be necessary because of unusual conditions existing in the lives of those who were visited. New assignments were then made. As these assignments were made, each name was discussed and the best means of approach to each inactive priesthood member was discussed. It was discovered that in some cases it would be necessary, or at least advisable, to contact two young men in order to get one, for the reason that they were close chums and that to be successful it would be necessary to induce both of them to become active. Other helpful suggestions were made to those who were assigned to visits.

The demonstration, which followed in detail the original Aaronic Priesthood correlation plan, was highly instructive and indicated that the bishopric of the ward and members of the correlation committee understand the plan thoroughly and have its objectives and methods of procedure clearly in mind. Such demonstrations in stake priesthood meetings or in special Aaronic Priesthood Correlation Conventions are undoubtedly helpful and should be encouraged.



## Qualifications of a Successful Aaronic Priesthood Supervisor

THE story is told of the famous general who called his son to his bedside as he was about to die and gave him the secret of leadership. His advice to his son was that if he expected to become a great general he must make the men believe he was the bravest, most enduring, best-informed, and had broader understanding, more confidence and greater sympathy than any other man in the army. When the son asked the father how he could make his men believe that of him the father replied, "Be that man."

Preparation requires that supervisors must know the program of the Church with respect to the Aaronic Priesthood including the history, responsibilities, duties and importance of this great work. When prepared, the supervisors are then ready to take the next step which is to inspire confidence. This involves fair dealings with the boys, accuracy in statements, teaching of sound principles, being companionable, cultivating their viewpoints, playing with them. Leadership must be such as to secure response from those with

whom we are associated. Members of the quorum should be anxious to do the things desired of them by those in charge. With the right kind of leadership the young men will gladly respond. The missionary spirit is very important in this work. Personal interest in the welfare of the boys will bring wonderful results. The vision of the possible growth of the boy throughout the priesthood and throughout his life stimulates greater enthusiasm and determination on the part of the supervisor. Getting the viewpoint of the future of the boy is a great stimulus to success. Naturally the supervisor must be approachable, thoroughly friendly. His interest in the boys should be such that they will want to come to him for advice and counsel. There are times in the lives especially during these ages when they need most helpful counsel.

The supervisor should be the type of man to whom these boys could come with a feeling that he would understand them and help them in every way possible. A successful supervisor will

show a personal interest in every member of the quorum. Thus, he will draw them to him. Naturally the supervisor must have high ideals, to stimulate such ideals in the hearts of the boys. The supervisor should invite suggestions. Greater interest will be aroused among the quorum members if they are made to feel that their suggestions are helpful. A successful leader knows how to place responsibility, in such a manner as to make the members of the quorum feel that he naturally expects them to discharge that responsibility. He can also make them appreciate that by doing certain things they are developing and qualifying for the future. A successful leader challenges loyalty and tries to develop it in every way possible. He practices good citizenship, sets the proper example at home and in the Church and in his work in public affairs. He instills faith in the members of his quorum by using every possible opportunity for developing faith. Any leader who can develop and maintain these qualifications will be a success in any line.

## The Aaronic Priesthood Supervisor

By LEE A. PALMER

*Chairman of Aaronic Priesthood Committee, 20th Ward, Ensign Stake*

EVERY young man between the ages of 12 and 20 years is the embodiment of energy and vitality in immeasurable quantities. That energy and vitality not only seeks, but demands expression. A grave and serious mistake too often made by some supervisors and teachers is an attempt to *subdue* rather than to *direct* that energy. In the direction of that energy lies the success or failure of a supervisor as such, which in turn affects the life of the young men under his supervision.

It is of great importance that a supervisor should be a capable and competent class instructor. But that virtue alone is wholly inadequate to the proper and complete supervision of these young men. He must provide an opportunity for, and supervise, from a quorum point of view, the expression of that energy. The best possible expression is in the form of quorum activity.

Experience confirms the fact that supervisors have the least trouble with the quorum member who is the most active. It is the fellow who has nothing to do in his quorum work, no definite assignment, consequently no claim upon his time or attention, so far as quorum activity is concerned, who is the most inactive. He is not interested, and to a great extent, because there

has been no quorum provision for the expression which his very nature demands. It is our responsibility as quorum supervisors to provide the opportunity for that expression. The 1932 quorum roll book provides a long list of assignments which have been grouped according to the responsibilities of each quorum in the Aaronic Priesthood. These assignments, if judiciously made and systematically supervised and followed up, will prove an invaluable help to the supervisor who has difficulty in making quorum work interesting.

To obtain cooperation and loyalty on the part of quorum members in the fulfillment of assignments, a supervisor should conduct a comprehensive campaign in the education of his quorum members to a keen sense of their individual responsibility as a bearer of the Priesthood. There is no gift in all the world comparable to this gift from God. It constitutes the very corner stone upon which rests all our hopes for eternal life, happiness, and glory. It is our Father's commission to act in His stead, and to stand in His place, and for Him, in the performance of those manifold duties which, by reason of His individuality, He Himself cannot perform. Young men should be taught to know and feel that when they officiate in the authority of

the Priesthood, be it ever so humble an assignment, that they are representing God in the performance of that duty.

It is the definite responsibility of quorum supervisors to see to it that these fine young men are taught to know and appreciate what it really means to act for, and in behalf of, our Father in Heaven. If the members in the various quorums of the Aaronic Priesthood are vividly impressed with the sanctity and magnitude of their calling, they will eagerly seize upon the opportunity for service and be found valiant in the discharge of their responsibilities in the Priesthood.

The missionary field is crying daily for just this type of young men, young men whose lives have become enriched through a comprehensive vision of their role in the drama of life as a bearer of the Priesthood, whose souls have been lifted up, and whose capacities have been increased by virtue of the exercise of that power and authority with which they have been endowed. Let quorum supervisors, and all who are connected with Aaronic Priesthood activities, heed that cry, and with fidelity and enthusiasm put forth tireless effort in the interest of the young men of this Church, to the end that we may assist in saving them unto their homes, their community, and their God.

## Use of Lesser Priesthood Lesson Outlines Urged

LESSON outlines for each quorum of Aaronic Priesthood covering the year 1933 are being used in a vast majority of the quorums of the Church.

In some quorums, however, these outlines are not being followed. Where the quorums meet in quorum or class capacity it is urged that the regular

outlines, provided by the Presiding Bishopric, be followed. Where the quorums meet as a part of the Sunday School, and confine their study to Sunday School lessons, it is urged that the regular Priesthood quorum outlines be assigned for home study, report to be made each week. This report is called

for on the regular report to be made each month by the chairman of the ward Aaronic Priesthood committee to the chairman of the stake committee. Unless the lessons are studied this item on the report appears blank and reflects unfavorably upon the priesthood activities of the ward.

## Stake and Ward Priesthood Publications and Forms Desired

THE Presiding Bishopric will appreciate receiving copies of any papers, bulletins, programs, report forms and all other material prepared for use in Aaronic Priesthood work. Frequently excellent ideas have come

from the field which have proven helpful to other classes or wards. Through the columns of *The Improvement Era*, and in other ways, news of these special publications may be passed on to other groups. Stake Aaronic Priest-

hood Chairmen are especially urged to secure copies of any such material coming to their attention to be sent to the office of the Presiding Bishopric, 40 North Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

## Aaronic Priesthood Members Over Twenty Years of Age

THERE has been considerable inquiry made as to what might be done to separate those who are over Priesthood age on the roll books from those of Priesthood age. We have discussed this matter and have decided to present this plan to you: There should be, of course, only one roll in the roll book for the members of each quorum. In your roll book of the Deacons' quorum, for instance, it is suggested that

you list first on the roll the names of all those who are over 20 years of age and inactive and that immediately following, leaving one line, list the names of the presidency of the quorum and the secretary and then all the other members who are below 20 years of age. This does not mean that you have to call the names of these older men every time, but it means that you have before the supervisors and the

bishopric, the names of these older men, so that they can cooperate and see what they can do to get these men active and prepared for ordination to the Melchizedek Priesthood. If these men are willing to come to Priesthood meeting, they should be invited to meet with the brethren of their own age, that is, the Elders, Seventies or High Priests so that they will not be embarrassed by meeting with young men.

## Ike Armstrong and Cigarettes

PRACTICALLY everyone in Utah knows who Ike Armstrong is. For the benefit of those outside, he is the Coach of the famous "Ute" Football Team of the University of Utah, for the past five years Rocky Mountain Champions.

Armstrong recently attended a meet-

ing of Vanguards in the Salt Lake City area and spoke to those present on the subject of clean living and good sportsmanship. At the conclusion of his talk he volunteered to answer any questions the boys desired to ask. The first question was, "What about cigarettes?"

"Cigarettes?" answered Armstrong, "Well, as far as the Utes are concerned, cigarettes are out. We never discuss them; we never think about them—no member of the Ute team has anything to do with them. As far as we are concerned cigarettes are out."

## Adult Aaronic Priesthood Class Outstanding Success

THE Adult Aaronic Priesthood class of the Twenty-Eighth Ward in Salt Lake Stake recently celebrated the first anniversary of its organization. At the meeting nearly forty adults who hold the Aaronic Priesthood, or did hold it, at the time the class was organized, were present and participated in the meeting.

The class was organized a year ago under the direction of Bishop A. P. A. Glad, with Elder Leo Robinson in charge. With some assistants Elder Robinson took up the work in earnest. First, a list was made of all Aaronic Priesthood members over 20 years of age. These men were then visited in the spirit of missionary work. It took several weeks to secure enough promises to justify the calling of the first meeting. When the meeting was called to order five men were present. Careful

study was undertaken under Elder Albert Langton and interest in the class soon began to increase. After eight months of persistent effort and continued missionary labor forty men had been brought into activity. Some of these had been advanced in the grades of the Aaronic Priesthood and others had been made Elders.

At the anniversary meeting the report made by Elder Robinson and the statements made by several members of the class left no doubt as to the effectiveness and value of this method of reaching those who have grown to manhood still holding the Aaronic Priesthood.

Many of the members of the class had spent considerable time in communities where there was no opportunity for church activities. Others

had been compelled to work at such hours as to prevent church activity. Still others had become indifferent. The unanimous testimony was that all who had been brought into activity as a result of this class were happy and thankful to the officers of the ward for the efforts put forth in their behalf.

The class meets each Sunday morning at 11:30. Practically all of the activities are carried on by the members. Many of them have engaged in ward teaching for several months and as a rule 100% visits are reported from the districts assigned to the members of this class. The work of this group formed the topic for one of the most important discussions at the Aaronic Priesthood Convention held during the General Conference in October.





# MUTUAL MESSAGES



## Executive Department

Send all Correspondence to Committees Direct to General Offices

### General Superintendency Y. M. M. I. A.

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,  
RICHARD R. LYMAN,  
MELVIN J. BALLARD.

Executive Secretary:  
OSCAR A. KIRKHAM

### General Offices Y. M. M. I. A.

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### General Offices Y. L. M. I. A.

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### General Presidency Y. L. M. I. A.

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**ERRATA**—An unfortunate mistake crept into the title of the suggested talk for the November joint program. It should have read: "Why I Shall Not Vote for Repeal." Though the context indicated that a mistake had been made the error was annoying.

### Joint Program for December

**H**YMN—Chorus and Congregation —"The Spirit of God Like a Fire is Burning."

Prayer.

Male Chorus—"Let the Lower Lights be Burning."

Slogan—Vanguard with the congregation.

Story—"Joseph Smith's Vision" (See Pearl of Great Price)—a Junior Girl.

Ladies' Chorus—"Through the Silent Night."

"The Biography of Jesus"—10 minutes—a Gleaner Girl. (See Gleaner Manual.)

"The Personality of Jesus"—10 minutes—an M Man. (See M Men-Gleaner Manual.)

Chorus—"The Heavens Resound" or some other regular number.

"The Way of Life Set Forth by Jesus"—10 minutes—an Adult. (See Adult Manual.)

Hymn—Chorus and Congregation with a duet singing the verse—"O it is Wonderful."

If those in charge of the Joint Programs will organize this program early in order that everyone may prepare well, it ought to be full of inspiration

## Adults

### Travelogue—December 5th

**B**Y your planning now, the Travelogue Program scheduled for the night of December 5th can be made highly interesting—an event that should be the means of attracting into the Adult Department any who have not yet joined. Extend personal invitations again, to all who are eligible for this occasion.

It is generally conceded that travel as a means to a cultural education, ranks in value second only to that provided by a college course.

Since our Church holds such a unique place in its possibilities for travel; and since there is an increased interest in the affairs of the world today, it seems timely that we as adults should devote at least one evening in contemplating this world of ours.

In using the Travelogue as one of our projects we had in mind a four-fold purpose. First, to give our adult group an opportunity for a broader and more accurate knowledge of some of the world about us; second, to give our missionaries a chance to more fully

bring before us the educational enlightenment which they have received while performing their duties abroad, for they have the advantage over the average tourist in that they frequently spend months in one locality, which enables them to really get into the lives of the people and the conditions under which they live; third, to provide an opportunity for the foreign-born to enter into this program with some real fine material in the way of actual facts and a place to exhibit some of their treasures. (Many times we have among this group many who are really gifted but who are backward because of inability to speak the language or a natural timidity that so often arises when we are brought face to face with a new world); fourth, to invite someone who has been away to study to come and give his experience in some fine institution of learning. The enthusiasm that usually accompanies such a discussion is stimulating and helpful. One of the most delightful evenings the writer ever spent was in listening to a doctor tell of his studies in Italy.

Dr. Louis A. Thody of Salt Lake City, in a recent tour of Europe, took several reels of film. He has a portable screen and has delighted friends a full evening with an illustrated lecture. We take the liberty of mentioning his name.

In the way of a suggestive plan that might be used for such an evening, we might suggest to the person putting over the program that he concentrate on some definite locality or country. It is frequently said that if you see one city in the United States you have seen them all, with three exceptions, San Francisco, Salt Lake City, and New Orleans. Why are these considered exceptions?

Germany represents a very interesting problem at the present time. Her government's attitude toward other



Mantua, Utah, Male Chorus

countries; native customs in manners of living, dress, food, habits, all lend to a very interesting discussion. Native songs and music with pictures and souvenirs always add a valuable touch.

Our Scandinavian countries offer much that is different and interesting. Paris and London with their well established culture would make an intensely interesting evening if one could go back to them before the war when they were in full bloom of their glory and pride and compare that with their present condition.

Hawaii, her people and their native customs; her temple and what she means to the United States in affording a natural market for the products of our fields offers another point of contact. One could go on indefinitely with such suggestions but space will not permit.

There must be enthusiastic cooperation between the class leaders and the one who is to put over the Travelogue and a definite understanding that the program is not merely to interest those who listen, but is a part of a plan that affords educational development.

The assignment for this evening should be made weeks ahead so that there will be ample time to make it a real success. Many wards have already adopted the idea.

### Pocatello, Idaho, Did It!

WE started last fall a suggestion of having Travelogue, where possible by returned missionaries. We made out a list of persons who had visited various lands, like this:

- "1. England Name Phone Address No.
- "2. Africa
- "3. Holland

"We requested in each instance that those chosen to give talks should tell about the people, their customs, historic places of interest, birds, flowers, animals, scenery, etc., and that interesting objects, souvenirs, pictures, postcards, etc., should be brought. In the case of missionaries, we reminded them that it was these educational and interesting things that we would like to hear about.

"The idea caught like a grass fire. Some of the people were spoken for for weeks ahead. In one ward where I went to give a talk on Alaska, my totem poles, pictures, and other objects, attracted keen attention. In some instances the speakers were kept until ten or ten-thirty o'clock answering questions."

Hear! Hear! More  
Power to the Project!

I SUGGEST dancing—better dancing. I mean a monthly regular dancing lesson—waltz, two-step, etc. (and newer dances, too). We find

that even those just under the border line of thirty-five years of age often sit around and do not dance. When asked why, they say that they have not danced for so long that they would hate to try. Yet many of their husbands dance and they pick out the best dancers, usually young girls, while friend wife sits on the sidelines. Very soon both husbands and wives stay at home.

"If a class were started as a project in the Adult Department alone all would be learning together, and overcome timidity and would exchange

dances. It would mean better dancing, more sociability, and true recreation. If membership in the dancing class meant membership in the Adult Department it would boost membership and would soon make ward dances more successful. I would have the class once a month under a competent teacher followed by an hour or two of social dancing.

"Unless this is made a project the adults will be crowded out, for parents, being used to giving way, are usually crowded out of both time and place."  
—Hannah E. Francis, Pocatello, Idaho.

## Seniors

### Activity Leaders

THE plan is to have two Senior Leaders in each stake. One may have especial charge of the Manual and the others of the Activities; though each leader should become as familiar as possible with both departments.

In each ward the Seniors select a committee of their own members, about 3 in number, who under direction of the Discussion Leaders, have charge of all the activity of the Senior group. They should work in harmony with the Community Activity Committee, and may call upon that group for assistance when needed.

The programs planned by the General Board are printed on page 5 of the new Manual. Take them and adjust them to your needs.

In regard to the programs planned for all Seniors in the stake, this might be extended to include all in a number of stakes that are in close proximity, like in Salt Lake City, Ogden, Provo, Logan or Los Angeles.

### Class References

THE current high class magazines are teeming with articles of surpassing interest as bearing on the problems of the present day.

Among such articles worthy of special note, to mention only a few which came under our scrutiny in a rapid survey of several such magazines for October, 1933, are the following:

*Forum Magazine*—"A National Barter System," by Mordecai Ezekiel; "An International Currency Unit," by Fred I. Kent; "Radiation and Evolution," by John Langdon Davies; "The Last Drop of Blood," by an anonymous author.

*The Nineteenth Century* (English)—"War on the Slums," by Philip H. Massey; "Stands Science Where She Did?" by Ivor Thomas.

*North American Review*—"The Fight Over Money," by Paul Ernest Anderson; "Snipers Gold," by Tom White.

*Atlantic Monthly*—"The Stock Market and the Public," by N. R. Danielian; "Embarassed Veterans," by Roger Burlingame.



M Men-Gleaners' Banquet, Pioneer Stake



# M Men-Gleaners

PERSONALITY is defined as the quality that gives distinction to an individual. Thus a person who would become distinctive must look to an essential element of personality which is deportment. How we act and react, how we speak and listen, how we adjust to the conditions surrounding us—these make our deportment.

It is said that we are judged at a first meeting, but it is true; then how necessary that our deportment express the best that is within us, so that a first meeting will arouse the desire for further acquaintanceship. So often the deportment of our associates sways us and we find ourselves not acting true to ourselves or our convictions, but rather as the crowd does, thereby losing our very distinctiveness.

M Men and Gleaner Leaders, can you make your group feel the importance of this matter of deportment? Theirs is the opportunity to be distinctive in this generation, distinctive in their speech, their manners, their actions.

On the first Tuesday of December this important subject will be discussed in M Men-Gleaner conjoint department—deportment, that attribute of personality which makes it either negative or positive. If every Gleaner and M Man could take the words of George Adams unto him or herself and use them as an incentive to make the deportment so outstandingly fine that truly they could say "I am II!"

The whole world revolves about the performances of each man. Of all the creations daily added to the History of Life, the deportment of each man alone forms the only new note to progress. So that out of the mind and consciousness of each man alone must come the thoughts, actions, and wonderments from which the world may pride its onward stride.

You alone may say "I am I."

Your endurance or personality separately is able to add to the total sum of grandeur on this earth. For it is new. You are cast from an original mold. None other will ever be cast from your mold. You are able to be your own great inspiration. Your solitary figure, grandly alone is able silently to rise, mustering the strength of hidden forces that await to call you master, for you alone may say "I am I."

Work is not a transitory affair. Ambition, effort, enthusiasm, suffering,

improvement in behavior, these are specimens of the fulfillment. You are these. Out of yourself comes yourself, the expression of what is deep within you. Whereas the daily accumulation of what you think, feel, act, becomes the ideal of what you are. Let this simple thought close in upon you, and make you a worker today of which the oncoming race may well be proud, remembering the while that "I am I."

Material for this lesson in discussion will be found in Gleaner Manual, page 193—M Men Manual, page 115.

Stimulate discussion of deportment by assignments, by questions, and by calling for participation of the entire group rather than the few.

## M Men



M Men—The Netherlands Mission

### Changes in the M Men Basket Ball Rules

IT will be well for all of those interested in M Men Basketball to note

that there have been two major changes in the eligibility rules for this year.

1. That a man is now eligible to participate until he attains his twenty-fifth birthday, when he automatically becomes ineligible.

2. High School letter-men are now eligible to participate one year after receiving a High School letter.

The first change, concerning the age: it is, of course, obvious that a man may play up and until the day when he attains his twenty-fifth birthday.

The second change, referring to High School letter-men: it is to be understood that a man winning a letter during a current High School year will not be eligible for M Men participation until one year following the end of the school year in which he won his letter. In other words the date is as of the completion of the school year in which he won his letter rather than the date of the actual winning of the letter. For example, a boy wins his letter in February, 1933, this school year will end, of course, in the spring, making his participation in M Men Basketball possible only in the Fall of 1934 and the winter of 1935.—M Men Athletic Committee.



M Men—Afton, Wyoming

# Gleaner Girls

## Program for November

### Course of Study

EVERY high school or University has its laboratory where students use the printed page only as a guide for personal experimentation. They observe the changes that combinations of different elements bring. They watch the marvelous transformation in color and line as crystals form. They experiment with light and heat and a new conception of earth's forces opens before them. They look into the microscope and it reveals a thousand forms of moving life to which their eyes were blind. Laboratory students take three steps, first study, then experiment, then record. The written record is a true measure of the student's understanding of a problem. As Gleaner Leaders and girls let our Treasure of Truth books be laboratory manuals for recording our findings in the division of "Testimonies."

The moving force of Mormonism is the individual testimony of its members. We desire to possess our portion of that great force. To understand how it operates we must study its effect on its adherents. What about our own people? We meet our fathers face to face within the covers of our Treasure books. The light and power of the restored gospel was their inspiration. Within the radiance of that light they truly lived. Hardship, suffering, death did not deter them. They marched across a continent's wilderness and changed a dreary desert into fertile fields. Forty years they labored to build a temple to their God.

Recording the story of their deeds stirs within us a better understanding of and deeper reverence for the impelling force of Mormonism. When within ourselves we feel the stirring of that impelling force, it lights, warms and motivates our souls. Our consciousness of spiritual forces is "our testimony."

A testimony is a growing thing, developing from "I believe, to the full stature of, "I know." To stimulate such growth requires more than desire. It calls for service, sacrifice, study. Let our beloved Dr. Talmage tell you in his own words how he made a testimony his very own:

"Although I seem to have been born with a testimony, yet in my early adolescence I was led to question whether that testimony was really my own or derived from my parents. I set about investigating the claims of the Church and pursued that investigation by prayer, fasting and research with all the ardour of an investigator on the outside. While such a one investigates with a view of coming into the Church if its claims be verified, I was seeking a way out of the Church if its claims should prove to me to be unsound. After months of such inquiry, I found

myself in the possession of such an assurance beyond all question that I was in solemn fact a member of the Church of Jesus Christ. I was convinced once for all, and this knowledge is so fully an integral part of my being that without it I would not be myself. \* \* The greatest joys of my life have come to me through activities in the Church."

Sometimes, because we expect a testimony to come to us with a blare of trumpets, it is difficult to recognize it when it comes quietly and without emotional upheaval. A young girl, standing before a class to express her feelings in the course of a Testimony meeting, related in a somewhat colorless tone of voice the things for which she was grateful—home, parents, an opportunity of knowing the Gospel, although, she added, "I cannot say that I know it is true; I think it is, and hope it is, and some day believe I can say that I know it is—but so far I do not know it—" Then her face changed—took on light and wonderment and certainty. To the group she said, then, "Yes, I do know it is true—I have been repeating just a pattern speech I learned years ago. Of course I know it is true, for within the last month I have had to choose between something very dear to me and the Gospel—and I chose the latter. It was just that I had expected a testimony to come to me in a blaze of glory—and I had one all the time."

Talk to yourself about the things in which you believe with all your heart. If the doctrines of your religion are among those things, you have a testimony, even though the rapture and glory of realization might be slow in coming to you. While you are hoping and waiting for a testimony to come to you, it is possible that you are like that other Gleaner Girl, and already have a testimony of the truth of the Gospel.

Class discussions in "Gleaning in the Field of Biography" will be as follows: November 14, Chapter IV, Joseph Smith (p. 121 Manual) and November 21, Chapter V, Mahatma Gandhi (p. 125 Manual). Assignments for the suggested one-minute talks on the life of Joseph Smith (see p. 125 Manual) should be made the first week in November. Carefully select the most interesting material from the many available newspaper and magazine articles on the life of Mahatma Gandhi for supplemental material for that evening Project, "I Will Gather Treasures of Truth."

The evening of November 28th will be spent with the division of "Testimonies." (See Manual, pp. 30, 53, 57, and suggestions above.)

### Optional Project, "First Aid."

Groups taking the First Aid Course will consider on November 28, Lesson 3 (see p. 71 Manual).

## Summer's Farewell

PERHAPS I only dreamed it,  
Or maybe it was true.

But last night 'neath my window  
Where moonlight sifted through,  
There I heard Jack Frost laughing,  
So gay with elish glee,  
I leaned out of my window  
To see what I could see.

And just across the valley  
The tree tops reach the sky.  
'Twas there that I saw summer  
Bend down and say "Goodbye."

She touched the little brooklet,  
And kissed each flower fair,  
She lingered by a fountain  
To comb her shining hair.

I saw her shed a teardrop  
Where apples' cheeks are red,  
I knew why she was crying,  
And so I crept to bed.

When I awoke this morning  
The air felt, somehow, new.  
I'm sure I was not dreaming,  
For what I saw was true.

—Lela Bird, a Gleaner.



Garanza M Men and Gleaner Election Banquet, Hollywood Stake



# Junior Girls

THE new season is well started and by now every Junior Teacher is well acquainted with her girls. Do you keep your rolls and check on your attendance? Do you inquire about the girls who are absent or excused every Tuesday? To feel that you are expected is one great incentive to being present. To know that you are missed is another. You no doubt know that these lessons are rather personal to the girls and are of greater benefit and easier to conduct when your girls feel unified and unafraid in class.

Adjust the work to your needs, outline your work at Union Meeting, in advance and then helpful material can be gathered as it occurs, to be ready at the needed time. Remember your class success depends on you, you are very important, so very important that no work will be accomplished without you. You, therefore, have the responsibility for the success or failure of your class. Cultivate a keen sense of humor—you will need it.

## December 5—Mothers' and Daughters' Evening

NOTICE the suggestions on page 30 of the supplement. Where possible have the mothers cooperate. They might tell of or dramatize a Mutual class of their early experience. Per-

haps the girls can show their books, "My Story," or the little dramatization published two years ago might be given—"Modern Philistines," by Ora Lewis. (Send to the Bishops' Bldg., Room 34.)

A delightful evening might be had using the new project. This could be used whether the class is taking the project or not. The playlet in Chapter 5—"Entertaining a Guest and Being a Guest," page 30 of the supplement, or any of these lessons dramatized would be highly worth while and full of interest. You might desire to serve light refreshments and demonstrate table etiquette, setting the table and preparing a short program. These are only a few suggestions and no doubt you, yourselves can offer many more to choose from.

The December Manual brings you well into the discussion of part two, "Building the Moral Character." Draw as much material by way of experience as you can from the girls. Have you heard the story of the "Sunken Cathedral?" A beautiful Cathedral had been built on an island, and it had disappeared under the waters. But on clear days the bells could be heard pealing out their lovely music. So with us, our hidden cathedrals in our hearts send out their sweetest music for those around us to hear.

# Vanguards

## New Vanball Rules

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(Please note changes over 1932)

### RULE I. COURT

#### Court

Section 1. The standard playing court shall be 60 feet long and 30 feet wide, free from obstructions and having a height of 15 feet or more which is free from obstructions or projections.

Note—The size of the court may be modified when necessary for either indoor or outdoor informal games, to suit local requirements. The standard size court should be used in all regular games, where possible.

#### Boundary Lines

Section 2. The court shall be bounded by clearly defined lines which shall be at every point at least three feet from walls or any obstructions. The lines on the short sides of court shall be termed the "end lines," those on the long sides the "side lines."

#### Center Lines

Section 3. A center line shall be drawn on the court immediately beneath and parallel to the net dividing the court.

### RULE II. NET

The net shall be three feet wide and the distance between posts 32 feet. The net shall be tightly stretched, both top and bottom, and it shall cross the court midway between the end lines and parallel to them. The top of the net shall be level and measure seven feet six inches from the top at the center to the ground.

### RULE III. BALL

The ball shall be round and shall consist of a rubber bladder covered with a leather case. It shall be not less than 26 inches nor more than 27 inches in circumference, and shall weigh not less than nine ounces nor more than ten ounces. The air pressure of the ball shall be not less than  $7\frac{1}{2}$  pounds and not more than 8 pounds. (This is the regulation volley ball.)

## RULE IV. TEAMS

### No. of Players

Section 1. In all official matches teams shall be composed of six (6) players. When for any reason a team is reduced to less than six (6) players the game shall be forfeited to the opposing team.

Section 2. Substitutes and coaches shall be seated on the side of the court opposite the Referee.

Section 3. A substitute may take the place of a player only when the ball has been declared dead. He shall first request substitution from the Umpire, and when substitution has been authorized, he shall then report to the Scorer. Substitute shall take the position of the player for whom he is substituting, and shall remain in the game until at least 3 points shall have been made by either side or the game is ended, except in case of injury. He shall not converse with any other player until the ball has been served.

Section 4. A player taken out of the game may re-enter the same game only once. He may play in any subsequent game of the same match, except as provided for in Rule XIII.

Section 5. In match games or tournaments, a squad shall consist of not more than ten (10) players.

Section 6. Players shall be numbered with large numerals on the back of each player.

Section 7. Players shall take their positions, as indicated in the diagram. The positions shall be known by the names indicated, viz: Left Forward, Center Forward, Right Forward, Right Back, Center Back, Left Back.

Section 8. When the ball is served, each player shall be in his own area. After the ball is served, each player may cover any section of his own court (except as provided for in Rule X, Sec. 17).

## RULE V. OFFICIALS

The officials shall be a Referee, Umpire, Scorer, and two Linesmen.

## RULE VI. DUTIES OF OFFICIALS

Section 1. The Referee shall be the ranking official of the game. He shall decide when the ball is in play, when it is dead, when a point has been made, when side is out, and shall impose penalties for all violations of the rules. (See Rules X and XIII.)

Section 2. The Referee shall have the power to make decisions on any and all questions concerning the violations of the rules committed at any time from the beginning of play to the end of the match. This includes the periods when the game may be momentarily stopped for any reason. He shall have power to make decisions on any question not specifically covered in the rules.

Section 3. The Referee shall station himself at one end of the net in a

position that will give him an equally clear view of both courts. An elevated position is desirable.

**Section 4.** The Umpire shall take a position on the opposite side of the court from the Referee. He shall make decisions regarding crossing of the center line below the net, shall keep official time of "Timeouts," control coaching from the sidelines by coaches and substitutes, authorize the substitution of players, and assist the Referee in any manner which may be requested by the Referee.

**Section 5.** The Scorer shall keep the official record and score of the game. He shall be seated beside the Umpire, opposite the Referee. Before the game, the scorer shall secure from each manager or captain names of players and substitutes and the serving order of the teams, and shall see that the players follow the serving order and rotate in position.

**Section 6.** The Linesmen shall station themselves on the opposite corners of the court, so that each has one back and one side line in plain view, and whenever the ball strikes the ground near these lines, the Linesman shall call "Good" or "Out." The Linesmen shall assist the Scorer in seeing that the players follow the serving order and play in rotation.

#### RULE VII. DEFINITION OF TERMS

**Section 1.** The court occupied by a team shall be called its own court; that occupied by the opponents, the opponents' court.

**Section 2.** The order in which the teams are to serve shall be called the "serving order."

**Section 3.** The shifting of the men in position shall be called "rotation."

**Section 4.** A "service" is the putting of the ball in play by the player in the "Right Back" position, by batting it over the net into the opponents' court in any direction with one hand (open or closed) and while in a position with both feet wholly behind the back line of the court.

**Section 5.** "Point" shall be called when the team receiving fails to return the ball legally to the opponents' court.

**Section 6.** "Side out" shall be called when the team serving fails to win its point (allowing one "fault" or "wild" ball—see rule VIII, Sec. 2) or, plays the ball illegally.

**Section 7.** The ball is "dead" after "point," "side out," or any other decision temporarily suspending play.

**Section 8.** A player who touches the ball, or is touched by the ball, when it is in play shall be considered as "playing" the ball.

**Section 9.** The ball is out of bounds when it touches any surface or object, or the ground outside of the court. A ball touching a boundary line is good.

**Section 10.** When the ball momentarily comes to rest in the hands or

arms of a player he shall be considered as catching or holding the ball. The ball must be clearly batted. Scooping, lifting, shoving or following the ball shall be considered as holding.

**Section 11.** A player touching the ball more than once with any part of his body when the ball meanwhile has not been touched by another player shall be considered as "dribbling."

**Section 12.** Any player committing

any act which, in the opinion of the Referee, tends to slow down the game unnecessarily shall be considered as delaying the game.

**Section 13.** A ball touching the net on the serve shall constitute a "fault." A ball going under the net or out of bounds shall be considered a "wild" serve.

(Concluding rules will be given in December.)

## Bee-Hive Girls

### Calendar for January and February

#### Nymphs

Jan. 2—Guides XVI and XVII—The Spirit of the Hive and The Spirit of the Home.

Jan. 9—Guide XVIII—Happiness in Daily Home Tasks.

Jan. 16—Guide XIX—Recreation in the Hive and in the Home.

Jan. 23—Guide XX—Business in the Hive and in the City.

Jan. 30—Open, may be used to work on Little City.

Feb. 6—Guide XXIV—Aids to Health in the Hive and City.

Feb. 13—Guide XXV—First Aid.

Feb. 20—Guide XXVI—First Aid.

Feb. 27—Work on the Little City.

#### Builders

Jan. 2—Guide XV—Honor Womanhood.

Jan. 9—Guide XVI—Planned by Bee Keepers and the Girls.

Jan. 16—Guide XVII—Life of the Bee—Maeterlinck.

Jan. 23—XVIII—National Anthem, Foundation Cell No. 8, and National Flag, Foundation Cell No. 8.

Jan. 30—Work on Symbolism and Honey Comb.

Feb. 6—Guide XIX—Bathing the Baby—Foundation Cell No. 5.

Feb. 13—Guide XX—Open for your planning.

Feb. 20—Guide XXI—Textiles.

Feb. 27—Symbolism and the Honey Comb.

#### Gatherers

Jan. 2—Guide XV—Temporal Blessings.

Jan. 9—Guide XVI—Open for your planning.

Jan. 16—Guide XVII—Games.

Jan. 23—Guide XVIII—Civic Responsibility.

Jan. 30—Symbolism and the Honey Comb.

Feb. 6—Guide XIX—Home Evening—Happiness at Home.

Feb. 13—Guide XX—To be planned by the Girls and the Bee Keepers.

Feb. 20—Guide XXI—Taste the Sweetness of Service.

Feb. 27—Work on Symbolism and the Honey Comb.

### Thoughts for Bee Keepers

KEEP your mind on the great and splendid thing you would like to do, and you will find yourself unconsciously seizing upon the opportunities that are required for the fulfillment of your desire.

### Thoughts for Thanksgiving

#### A Grace

Some hae meat and canna eat  
And some wae eat that want it;  
But we hae meat, and we can eat  
And sae the Lord be thanket.

—Robert Burns.

SALT your food with humor, pepper it with wit and sprinkle over it the charm of fellowship. Never poison it with the cares of life.

It is not what men eat but what they digest that makes them strong; not what we gain, but what we save that makes us rich; not what we read, but



Bee-Hive Girls, Netherlands Mission



what we remember that makes us learned; not what we preach but what we practice that makes us Christians.—Bacon.

## Suggestive Helps for the Honey Comb

AS the bees make the honey comb and store away the honey they have gathered, so will the Bee-Hive girls gather wisdom, knowledge and experience and store in this Honey Comb to enrich their lives.

The division sheets are uncompleted honey combs with bees busy at work. Take your wax crayons, or water colors, paint the blue flowers and green leaves, add a touch of orange to the bee's back and perhaps a little gold or yellow to the cells.

On the first division sheet write your name, swarm and date. Sketch or paint your symbol on the blank page following.

On the sheets following the title pages—Trial Flights and Builders in the Hive—and also on the pages where each field begins, you will find large hexagons drawn. Decorate these with double lines, small pictures, ink sketches, silhouettes, or painting between the lines or in the corners. Use India ink if possible for lines and silhouettes as it does not run or fade. On all of the other blank pages draw similar hexagons but these need not be decorated.

In each field there are four pages. These are to be used for material gathered in filling cells. Do not write too large. One or more cells may be recorded on a page.

Thus the Honey Comb is completed.

## Suggestion for Christmas

NOW is the time to plant your bulbs, that they may be blooming for Christmas. Place them in pots or glass containers, in dirt or among rocks. The pots may be lacquered or decorated with the envelope lined papers. Bands or designs done with artists' oil paints will also be pleasing.

# Boy Scouts

## To Leaders of Boys

BOYS are the only source of manpower.

Boys go where you go, not where you tell them to go. That's why the devil is so everlastingly busy.

A boy is like an iceberg, only a little of him shows; the real boy is out of sight waiting for some explorer.

Every boy needs plenty of Do's. Don'ts are the frost that nip many a promising crop in the bud.

A little real comradeship is worth a library full of exhortations to most boys. There may be sermons in stones; that's likely why boys insist on throwing them at every passing cat.

Sermons that hike and play ball and go fishing and eat three meals a day are the sort boys most enjoy.

All a boy's heroes aren't necessarily saints but action must be their middle name in every case if he is to worship ardently.

The thing boys need most must be caught the same as measles and chicken pox. The sort of goodness that counts is invariably contagious. The innocence is a *he-man*.

## The National Council Ten-Year-Plan of Growth

THE Nation has sent a challenge to Scouting. That challenge is to bring one out of every four boys in America into the Scout program and to hold him there at least four years. Briefly stated this program is to reach at least one of every four twelve-year-old boys and to so improve the quality of Scouting as to hold their interest for at least a four-year period of active Scout training, to the end that it may ultimately be insured that one of every four new male citizens shall be a four-year-Scout-trained-man. This will insure more participating citizens, less violation of law, and more usefulness

service for others. It will be a definite contribution of the Boy Scouts of America to our country.

In our Church one out of four would be a very poor record. We are far ahead of that at the present time, although the National Council sets that as its objective in ten years, beginning in 1932. Many of our Stakes have in excess of 50% of all boys in Scouting while a few have exceeded 75%. The correlation plan, effectively followed, with proper Scout leadership, should make it possible to bring all of our Stakes above the 75% mark. Scout Leaders should cooperate very closely with Priesthood and Correlation officers and committees to the end that we might discharge our full responsibility, which is to seek out every available boy and look after his individual welfare.

The New National Program. Preliminary information has already been sent out from National Scout Headquarters regarding a new set-up for Scout groups. Under this plan there will be three years as Cubs, from 9 to 12. In our Church this field is now covered by the Trail Builders in the Primary Association, which is the official Church program for boys of that age. The Boy Scouts will be those from 12 to 14 inclusive. Senior Scouts will be those from 15 to 18. This field is covered in our Church by the Vanguards which will continue as the official program for boys of Vanguard age, but every possible advantage will be taken of any new ideas and plans developed by the National Council for its Senior Scouts. Rover Scouts will be those from 18 to 21, and Citizen Scouts will be those above that age. It will be noted that this program corresponds very closely to what we have had in our Church for several years. Our M Men will continue as at present, which means that our entire present program is near enough to the program now adopted by the National Council that no changes are contemplated.

This view of the new program is given for the purpose of avoiding any misunderstanding regarding the program of the Church when the new program of the National Council is publicly announced.

## Make Scouting a Game

*It is the Play Way of Learning—It is Learning by Doing.*

SOME interesting Scout games are described below and can be used to teach various phases of Scouting.

### THE UNUSUAL IN NATURE

On a hike or camping trip call patrols together and tell them that for



Scout Leaders—Uintah Stake

ten minutes they must hunt as a patrol for the most unusual thing they can find in nature, rocks, bugs, animals, plants, trees or anything. At the end of ten minutes they return and compare their experiences or specimens if possible. It will be hard to determine a winner, but the opportunity for nature discussion and instruction will make it worthwhile.

#### 1ST AID IN THE JUNGLE

Announce to the troop in meeting that the troop is going on a great trip to the jungle and will need an adequate 1st Aid Kit. Have patrols make lists of the necessary things for such a trip at their next patrol meetings and be prepared to compare lists at the next troop meeting. This will provide an excellent discussion on 1st Aid as each patrol justifies the necessity of each item on its list.

Tacoma, Washington,  
Sept. 5th, 1933.

Editor *Improvement Era*,  
50 North Main St.,  
Salt Lake City.

Troop 89, Tacoma Council.

We are happy to contribute this picture of Robert C. Beal with part of his L. D. S. troop of boy scouts, taken aboard one of the most historic battleships in the world, "Old Ironsides" (U. S. S. Frigate Constitution).

While this beautiful old ship, with its tall masts, two decks and fifty-two cannons was anchored at the Tacoma Municipal pier—thousands of people came from great distances to view this old sailing ship—which has been restored to its original dignity and splendor by pennies contributed by the school children of the United States.

We are very proud of our L. D. S. scouts in Tacoma and the progress they are making. C. N. Curtis of the Ta-



Sidney B. Smith and sons—all were at Camp Kootenay Fathers and Sons' Outing.

coma council, gave our troop honorable mention as being one of the foremost scout troops in the more than one hundred troops in the city of Tacoma, it being one of thirteen troops in this division to win the 1932 presidential or Hoover award.—Elijah Dickson, Pres. Tacoma Y. M. M. I. A.

#### Faith

By Catherine E. Berry

**H**IS faith was boundless, for he knew  
Only by faith can dreams come true!



Boy Scout Troop, Tacoma, Washington



Franklin Hyrum Smith

#### The Cigarette

Author Unknown

(Recited at Fathers and Sons Outing of the three Canadian Stakes, Camp Kootenay, July 6, 1933, by Franklin Hyrum Smith)

**I**M only just a cigarette,  
A tiny little thing,—  
And yet my power over man  
Is mightier than a king—  
I rule as with an iron-hand  
I boast no kingly claim  
Yet thousands found in every land  
Pay homage to my name.

I have no guards around my throne.  
No armies drilled to fight;  
The secret of my power be known,  
'Tis in man's appetite.  
If subject I would make a man  
I test his vertebrae  
And if he be too weak to stand  
Then I have won the day.

I bend his shoulders to a curve;  
I hollow out his chest;  
I play upon his every nerve;  
I never let him rest.  
I make a dim and blood-shot eye;  
I stain his finger tips.  
I make his lungs feel parched and dry;  
I spoil his shapely lips.

I neutralize his natural will;  
I blight his intellect;  
And then, I do him more things still,  
I take his self-respect.  
I leave a stench about his clothes  
A foul distasteful smell  
I have him marked where'er he goes  
So everyone can tell.

I rob him of his richest dower,  
Bring failure and regret  
Now, can you see the mighty power?  
In a simple—Cigarette?



## Cuthbert Tells the Truth

Continued from  
page 776

and will pussy-foot around, and look like a little angle that butter would not melt in his mouth he will always be teacher's pet, and it don't make no differences if he ain't got sense enuff to know a baseball from a soccer. And this is the truth and not because I know it ain't no use, I want not got no desire to be teacher's pet.

### The Truth About the Principle

When he reads this essay he will send for me to come to the Office and expell me and I will not care because what I am going to be I won't need a education.

All this is the TRUTH.

The End.

P. S.—If I do take up a life of crime it will be because I was drove to it when but a boy by telling

### THE TRUTH

CUTHBERT had lived the days intervening between the handing in of his paper and the following Monday in a peace of spirit heretofore unknown to him. He failed cheerfully and methodically in his lessons and took Miss Grey's withering remarks with a kindly tolerance that puzzled that harrassed young lady. Let the poor thing sould if she got any kick out of it. It would only be a matter of days now, until she would need another victim. He could stand it a few days longer.

It was with no surprise, therefore, that he received his summons to the Principal's office on Monday afternoon. He cast a farewell glance about the room that had witnessed so many mental struggles, and bade his teacher and schoolmates a silent farewell before he strode forth a martyr to the truth.

His righteous exaltation carried him bravely to the very door of the office and then he began to wish furtively but sincerely, that he had not said that about Mr. Bryce and Miss Grey.

Thus doth the truth make cowards of us all! And it was not without some hard swallowing and a strange sensation in the pit of his stomach that he finally brought himself to tap timidly on the fatal door.

Mr. Bryce surveyed Cuthbert with a peculiar expression through his thick lensed glasses. He cleared his throat several times and shuf-

fled the papers about on his desk, and otherwise showed that he was at a loss how to begin.

"He kinda hates to expell me!" thought Cuthbert with surprise. He had supposed this to be one of the major delights of teaching.

"I wished to see you in regard to your paper for the Contest," Mr. Bryce began at length. "I— you ought to know—" he consulted the paper in question for the author's name—"er—Cuthbert, I consider it the most original paper of all those submitted. In that respect I may say that it merits the prize, as originality was one of the points I stressed. But," here to Cuthbert's surprise, his eyes twinkled, and he gave the lad a man-to-man smile, "As you say, the truth—especially the bald, unadorned truth, as you tell it—is not appreciated in this wicked world, and I think it better, considering everything, that your paper remain a secret between you and me, don't you?"

Cuthbert was stunned!

THIS teacher was not acting in the normal manner, at all.

"Y—yes, sir!" he faltered, in a weak little voice, then the truth breaking in upon him gradually, he asked in an aggrieved voice, "Ain't—aren't you going to expell me?"

"Well, no, not this time, my boy, if you'll promise never to be so truthful again!" said Mr. Bryce, jovially. "One grain of truth to an ounce of tact, hereafter, I'd advise."

"Oh, by the way," he said casually, as the frustrated martyr turned slowly away, "About that last—do you—it is generally believed—are you sure your supposition is the truth?"

### The Favorite Topic

By L. Paul Roberts

LUILLIE has the charm that broad travel can lend;

The poise and the grace of a queen.  
She chatters by the hour of things she has done;

Of people and places she's seen.  
Both witty and pretty—I like her so much—

But I'm going to marry Marie  
Because she is spell-bound and listens,  
wide-eyed,

Whenever I talk about me.

Cuthbert stared at him. Then light began to dawn.

"About Miss Grey? Oh, yes. Everybody knows Miss Grey was—the big kids say she was crazy about you, and you quit her when Miss Kelly came, and—"

"Wrong!" said Mr. Bryce, sharply. "Since you seem possessed of a lot of misinformation about my private affairs—er—Cuthbert, for an ardent seeker after truth, I'll tell you the truth about this. Miss Grey sent me packing before Miss Kelly ever came, over a slight disagreement regarding a certain gentleman in California. I was merely trying to show my indifference by my attentions to Miss Kelly. What you said in your paper was the first intimation that I have had that I was of the slightest consequence to Miss Grey any more."

Although Cuthbert's well-scrubbed ears had stood out in a deceptive listening attitude, and his mouth was slightly ajar, he had assimilated very little of Mr. Bryce's remarks. He was trying to readjust his one-track mind to the prospect of three months more of gruelling labor rather than an attractive life of crime. Thus when the principal, shocked at his own incredible frankness to this strange child said hastily, "O, I say, now Cuthbert, I'll keep your paper a secret if you'll do the same by what I've told you!"

He said stupidly, "Huh? Oh, sure, that's all right!" and shuffled out dejectedly.

It was no great surprise to Cuthbert, though a matter of much gratification and some mystification to his mother when he received from the young Bryces, honeymooning in Europe, a little statuette of "Truth," represented by a scantily clad young woman with a torch, with an attached card on which Mr. Bryce had scrawled, "Never desert her, Cuthbert, long may she wave!"

"I believe you did better in school last term than we thought," said his mother fondly, "the teachers seem unusually interested in you!"

"Humph!" grunted Cuthbert, noncommittally. Let the woman be happy in her ignorance. He had learned better than to tell the truth.

## Louisa May Alcott

Continued from  
page 781

and plays, written from time to time for the amusement of herself and friends, which were published in a small book, called "Flower Fables," for which she received \$32.00; but she had the satisfaction of knowing the money came from work she loved. Her main source of earning was now sewing, which she liked better than teaching, as it left her free to build romances while her fingers were busy with the needle. She sold a few more stories for \$5.00, and then began to have calls for them from various papers. She let her vivid imagination run riot as it would. Her tales were emotional and adventurous in the extreme. She spent practically every moment, when not busy with sewing, teaching or housework, in writing,—the great object of supporting her family always before her. In 1855 she writes, regarding "Flower Fables," "My book came out, and people began to think that topsy-turvy Louisa would amount to something after all, since she could do so well as housemaid, teacher, seamstress and story-teller. Perhaps she may."

In sharp contrast to "Flower Fables" was the price of \$3000.00 paid for a short serial in 1876.

Gradually the price of her stories rose to \$10.00, and publishers be-

gan to call eagerly for them. In October, 1858, she wrote, "Now that mother is too tired to be wearied with my moods, I have to manage them alone, and am learning that work of head and hand is my salvation when disappointment or weariness burden and darken my soul. \* \* \* I hope I shall yet do my great book, for that seems to be my work, and I am growing up to it. I even think of trying the 'Atlantic.' There's ambition for you! I'm sure some of the stories are very flat." In March, 1859, she writes, "Life is my college. May I graduate well, and earn some honors!"

A FEW months later a story sold for \$50.00, and about the same time she began writing for the "Atlantic," receiving better pay for her work. In 1861 she began her first novel, "Moods." Book followed book, the first unnatural wildness, or emotionalism, of her writing gave place to a jolly, tender strain, full of simple charm and allure. In September, 1867, she was asked by Roberts Brothers to write a girl's book for them, and the request was repeated in 1868, when she set to work to weave her early home life into a story, with the result that "Little Women" was finished in July, and promptly accepted. Its great success was not confined to this country, alone. It

was translated into French, German, and Dutch, and became well known in England and on the Continent. "Little Men" soon followed—there seemed no end to her mental activity. In 1886 her receipts for six months for book sales—and no new ones—amounted to \$8000.00. Writing of it in her journal, she declares she was prouder of the \$32.00 received for "Flower Fables" than for the \$8000.00.

At forty years of age the task she had set herself so many years before was accomplished—all family debts had been paid, and enough money invested to assure security for the rest of their lives. But her health was broken by over-work, and she cared nothing for the popularity that had come to her: for the financial return, she never ceased giving thanks. She gave freely to all cases of need. No amount of adulation ever affected the natural simplicity of her manner. When she died, March 6, 1888, she left behind her not only a wealth of charm and beauty in the books at which she had worked so unceasingly, but a memorial of work well and lovingly done, of burdens lifted, and of many hearts strengthened and comforted through her efforts. Truly, the world—and particularly the world of Youth—owes her a debt of love.



## The Power of Truth

Continued from  
page 786

LET man realize that Truth is essentially an *intrinsic* virtue, in his relation to himself even if there were no other human being living; it becomes *extrinsic* as he radiates it in his daily life. Truth is first, intellectual honesty—the craving to know the right; second, it is moral honesty, the hunger to live the right.

Truth is not a mere absence of the vices. This is only a moral vacuum. Truth is the living, pulsing breathing of the virtues of life. Mere refraining from wrongdoing is but keeping the weeds out of the garden of one's life. But this must be followed by positive planting of the seeds of right to secure the flowers of true living. To the negatives of the Ten Commandments must be added the positives

of the Beatitudes. The one condemns, the other commends; the one forbids, the other inspires; the one emphasizes the act, the other the spirit behind the act. The whole truth rests not in either, but in both.

A man cannot truly believe in God without believing in the final inevitable triumph of Truth. If you have Truth on your side you can pass through the dark valley of slander, misrepresentation and abuse, undaunted, as though you wore a magic suit of mail that no bullet could enter, no arrow could pierce. You can hold your head high, toss it fearlessly and defiantly, look every man calmly and unflinchingly in the eye, as though you rode, a victorious king, returning at the head of your legions with

banners waving and lances glistening, and bugles filling the air with music. You can feel the great expansive wave of moral health surging through you as the quickened blood courses through the body of him who is gladly, gloriously proud of physical health. You will know that all will come right in the end, that it *must* come, that error must flee before the great white light of truth, as darkness slinks away into nothingness in the presence of the sunburst. Then, with Truth as your guide, your companion, your ally, and inspiration, you tingle with the consciousness of your kinship with the Infinite and all the petty trials, sorrows and sufferings of life fade away like temporary, harmless visions seen in a dream.



## Greenbacks and Quarterbacks—

Continued from  
page 795

this play, so on your toes! Everybody got it?"

"Wait a minute!" came from Wilson. "I want to take that pass!"

The Tempest members looked at him. Lang asked: "Any reason why?"

"No reason," retorted Sonny. "Except that I want to take it."

Chick snapped: "Right! You receive. \* \* \* You-all got it? Okay."

Sonny Wilson found himself trembling just a trifle from excitement. He found himself wanting more than anything else in the world to win that game and save Chick Lang. The game was now definitely on his own shoulders, by request. And the other players thought he was trying to grandstand, asking for the ball. The lines surged together as the sphere snapped back. Sonny slipped through a hole and sprinted. The decoy end crossed in front of him cutting to the right, then Wilson swung to the left into open territory near the goal line. He twisted his head. The ball was yards to the right, high and wobbly. Chick had muffed another throw. Sonny Wilson cut back. Two Caldwell players closed in to knock the ball down behind the goal. Wilson sprinted, flung himself high between the two above their upstretched arms. He was oblivious of the bruising impact of his body striking the other players, but he felt the twisting damp ball strike his finger tips, half slide away; then he clutched the oval and lunged heavily to the ground.

His Blue mates were slapping him on the back. "Good work," growled Chick Lang. "I made a terrible throw."

"You did all you could to 'throw' it," snapped Wilson.

He hoped Lang would catch the inflection in the word "throw," but the other made no sign. However, reflected Sonny, Lang was doing his best to sell Tempest out—for Chick's kick after goal hardly raised a yard off the ground, and the score was tied, 6-6.

THEN Caldwell, receiving, made a tremendous steam-roller drive. Sonny Wilson forgot self, forgot fear, forgot a game right knee, forgot fatigue—forgot

everything but the importance of keeping the ball from advancing into Tempest territory. He seemingly smelled out plays by instinct, and sliced through the slimmest of holes to nail the Crimson ball carriers with vicious, paralyzing tackles. But one man—even a man frantically inspired—can hardly stop a power machine like the Caldwell Crimsons after steam is up, and the big Red roller plodded down the field steadily to the twenty-four yard line before the Tempest line—with Sonny Wilson playing desperate, superb, defensive football—held for downs.

It was then that Wilson showed his wares. Chick Lang called his number on practically every play. Wilson bucked over center, he sliced diagonally over tackle, he raced around the big spidery Red ends, he sprinted down the field to make uncanny recoveries of erratic passes. The Blue teammates said nothing now. They were awed as if seeing the supernatural. They left it for the stands to scream and whoop—the rooters who did not realize that here was a man frenzied, possessed, a man above himself. For Sonny Wilson had never played such ball before.

The Tempest players opened holes, they ran interference, they blocked out tacklers. But above that they let Sonny Wilson strictly alone in his task of playing his incredibly brilliant game. For his own part, Wilson seemed oblivious of everything but the game. He was possessed with a great responsibility, and nothing else mattered. After all, he reasoned, this afternoon he was forced to play two positions.

For the first time in a decade, the Caldwell Crimsons were scored on in the last quarter as Sonny Wilson

shoved over another touchdown. Ironically, Chick Lang kicked the extra point with ease, when Caldwell was definitely licked.

## DITTIE BEASLEY

met Sonny as he made for the showers. "Don't say it," he told her. "The grin's plenty of answer."

"I don't grin, my boy, I smile. Dazzlingly. \* \* \* You were wonderful!"

"In the cinema they use the prefix 'gee'—Gee, you're wonder-

## Index to Advertisers

Company	Page
Beneficial Life Insurance Co.....	Back Cover
Brigham Young University.....	829
Cunard Steamship Co.....	827
Deseret News Press.....	830
Deseret News.....	Inside Front Cover
Continental Oil Co.....	823
Grant, Heber J. & Co.....	829
Hotel Temple Square.....	829
International Tel. & Tel. Co.....	831
L. D. S. Business College.....	824
Quish School of Beauty Culture.....	830
Z. C. M. I.....	827

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## Sympathy

By Miranda Walton

O H, Life, you took this icy heart of mine.

And melted it with tears;  
You took it, Life, and broke it on the cross  
Of former years.

And now, because of griefs that I have known,

Another's woe o'erwhelms me;  
You broke me, Life, to make me feel for  
other folks  
More tenderly.

ful!" he gravely pointed out, then squeezed her arm and muttered: "Good gal, Dittie. See you this p. m."

As Sonny separated from the girl, Chick Lang came alongside, and said: "I bow to defeat with dignity—Dittie's a peach. \* \* \* Serious?" Sonny Wilson nodded. "Then I'm glad for you," assured Chick Lang. "Because I was just sort of dallying around, playful-like—y'know, there's a girl at Caldwell, and we—. You surely played a game today, Sonny! That's why I kept feeding you the ball, you were goin' so great." Lang sighed. "And with my long flowing beard I'll tell about how I played in the historic game when Sonny Wilson grabbed himself off a chunk of immortality."

Sonny made no reply while the two went to the locker room, stripped, got under the showers. It galled Sonny Wilson, this light tone from Chick Lang. Of course, because a man was a crook didn't mean he would never smile again, but the memory of that little pile of greenbacks—it was too fresh, too glaring, too nearly approaching the obscene. He wished Chick Lang would not share his shower. He didn't like the proximity. Then Lang said: "We're goin' on a party, Sonny, you an' me. I just fell heir to a hundred and sixty bucks."

Sonny Wilson held his breath. The other continued: "It was on account of Jimmie Adams. Remember Jimmie? Played right half

for Caldwell and now's making a hit coaching at a Colorado high school. Well, Jimmie worked part-time in the treasurer's office at Caldwell, and one day they found the books short."

Sonny Wilson found himself all attention, while his spine tingled with an emotion he did not bother to analyze. Chick Lang put his strong handsome face up into the water spray and rinsed off the soap, then said, "Well, a bunch of us believed in Jimmie, so we got together and stuck on a show and a couple of dances and finally dug down in our pockets and made up the shortage and hushed it up. But we were sore about it, and the bunch of us quit. That's why I came to Tempest last year."

"Well, now it seems that last month there was another shortage, and this time they caught the old trusted treasurer at it and got a confession. So good old Coach Happy Frank Smith recovered the money we had raised for Jimmie Adams, and took it upon himself to refund it. I hated to take my share—you know, sort of like blood money or something—but a hundred and sixty bucks is a hundred and—"

"Lang!" barked the reverberating bellow that could come from only one set of lungs in the world—those of Coach Bob Fidel's. "C'mere! What's that red blotch on your side?"—probing—"touchy, huh! When'd it happen? \* \* \* First play, huh? \* \* \* An' you

didn't quit, huh? \* \* \* So that's why you was off on your game, is it? Thought you'd just keep right on with a coupla cracked ribs, did you? \* \* \* Now, listen! You guys!" The coach's heavy voice was a vast thundering bawl. "How many times've I gotta tell you ivory heads to quit if you git hurt? How—many—times! \* \* \* Dry off, Lang, while I get the M. D."

THEY were walking home, Chick Lang and Sonny Wilson. Lang felt gingerly at his right ribs, grimaced, and said: "You'll make all-Conference, the way you played today, Sonny."

"Shut up," pleaded Sonny miserably. "I'm so low I could crawl under a snail. Why I had to doubt the swellest sport in the world before I could really play my best. It took that! Loyalty wouldn't do it. Just the desire to win wouldn't do it. And the coach's job wasn't enough. It took suspicion—the meanest sort of doubt—before I could do my best. Why, I'm not worth—." He snorted, incapable of speech.

"Doubt?" asked the big honest Chick Lang. "Who? Dittie?"

"Never mind," Sonny Wilson groaned. "Never mind. But I just hope the lesson's worth it. I just hope it is. \* \* \* When we get to our room I want to bend over and let you give me a good swift kick, just to let it soak in."

"Why, sure," grinned Chick Lang. "Anything to oblige a pal."

## Angels and Amazons—

Continued from  
page 797

of two pages cannot even hope to mention many of the outstanding events. It must suffice to say that the histories of struggle and defeat, renewed struggle and added defeat, and more determined struggle, with glimmerings of success finally blazing into light, are fascinating and worth the time of every person interested in development. "Angels and Amazons" traces with marked clarity the course of different movements, and brings to life the characters whose inspiration and perspiration made for success. The chronicle which becomes the romance of woman suffrage reads like a story, for lives and conflict, weakness and strength, failure and triumph all appear, and suspense

pervades the entire field until Seth Walker, leader of the anti-Suffrage forces in Congress, changed his negative vote to "aye" with the purpose of making sure of his right to call for reconsideration of the whole question. The question needed but one more affirmative vote to give the necessary majority—Walker's was the vote—"by this historic blunder" he who was the bitter opponent of woman suffrage, won the cause for the faction he had been fighting. And in the Presidential election of 1920, women voted!

"Look down, Lucretia Mott, from your quiet Quaker heaven of love. Look down, Lucy Stone, from the starry meadows where

you take your joy in things sweet and simple. Look down, Elizabeth Stanton, from whatever paradise you are making brilliant and gay. Look down, Susan Anthony, from the Valhalla where you drink the wine of the gods. Look down and spare from your raptures a smiling thought for those who have followed your path to its end, who have fulfilled the noble desire of your brief, brave day among us \* \* \* angels and amazons."

Comment says: "The concluding portion of the book traces the work of the individuals and organizations of the past few years. Whether woman has lost or gained by entering the struggle for a share



of the world's goods, the reader is left to decide from the evidence. Mrs. Irwin amasses a new evidence. She paints a realistic picture of the new place of women in a new and fast-changing world. She makes it clear at least that the remark of Lucy Stone's mother no longer applies."

The world is no longer so hard a place for woman; and through woman and her efforts of the past hundred years, the world has become a better and happier place for others. Temperance, peace, humanitarian movements of every kind have marked the century of woman's activities; and she has just begun. Losing none of her womanliness, she has gone outside the home to bring about conditions of betterment—always under protest. The claim that woman's place is in the home was answered two decades ago by the suggestion that every woman in the country stay in her home for just one day—"department stores, telephone company

managers, employers of all kinds of women's labor, hospitals and schools protested loudly against the crippling of public service, the loss of profits and the disruption of business which would result from even one day's absence of women from their public places.

In conclusion, Mrs. Irwin says: "When Shakespeare had so many of his heroines don man's attire, he was doing more than repeating a situation which he found effective in his theater. He was making them express in the symbolism of clothes an old suppressed desire. \*\* A half a century ago, there was no difference of opinion on that subject among girls; indubitably it was better to have been born a boy. \*\* The girl of today can do almost everything boys do—and usually does. She works at everything. She plays at everything. She is on the mountain, in the sea and above the clouds. Rosalind has come to stay."

## Another Book Was Opened

By T. J. HOWELLS, M. D.

*For years, in Europe, the progress of medicine has been materially furthered by properly conducted post mortem studies. It is the custom, particularly in Vienna, to hold autopsies for victims of even the common diseases. Persons dying from obscure diseases, require a most painstaking, and thoroughly scientific examination.*

*These autopsies are performed by specialists. Careful records are made, and all energies devoted to further the knowledge of disease and its effect upon the human body. This branch of the Medical Science is known as Pathology.*

THIS was no ordinary funeral. Funeral services from the Chapel of the Allgemeines Krankenhaus, Vienna's oldest and largest hospital, were common; as many as ten or fifteen bodies a day passed through the Chapel, or were taken directly from the Morgue, to various parts of the city, for burial.

There was never any interruption, or confusion; the process continued smoothly, because each day, the same workers, the same carriages, the decorations were used; only the coffins and the persons in mourning changed. Indeed, the flowers all looked the same; the sprays and figured wreaths, just like those of yesterday, last week and last year. They were always fresh, but few; for Vienna was very poor, and many times, there were none at all.

Not so today. This was no ordinary burial service. The smooth routine of operations seemed interrupted. The yard was filled with carriages, and paid mourners. The chapel doors and windows were festooned with many black tailored decorations.

Inside the chapel numerous candles burned before the altar where reposed a large, pretentious casket, banked high with flowers. Near the casket sat a woman, middle aged, well dressed, and crying. She was surrounded by persons, also in deep mourning, who seemed strangely anxious and worried because of her repeated outbursts and varied manifestations of great suffering.

There seemed something strange and unreal about all this pictured grief, for deepest emotion is most often incased in greatest silence.

It was a coincidence that the class in Pathology, the study of the effect of disease on the body, began a half hour after the funeral services had started, but it made possible the hearing of part of the service.

The early designers of the old hospital for economic reasons, had placed the chapel and the post-mortem rooms near together, in a far corner of the hospital yard. On this morning the sad, plaintive notes of the organ and the voices of the choir came clearly through the chapel windows. The raised voice of the clergyman was heard

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in loud praise to the character and accomplishments of the deceased.

"May the mortal remains of this good man," said he, "rest in peace forever." "May his life of virtue and well doing stand as a beacon light to errant youth and his great faith and Christian character be a lesson to us all."

At that moment the professor of pathology entered the class room and proceeded with his lecture. (It is a law in Vienna that anyone accepting hospital treatment can be posted at death; and often important organs are removed and preserved for the purpose of teaching.)

"I have here," said he, "the organs of a man fifty years of age. The case history says he came to the hospital two months ago, complaining of pain in the chest, and died three days ago from symptoms of suffocation and Cardiac failure.

"You will notice, gentlemen, the brain shows a large area of softening; that the heart and blood vessels of this individual, reveal the changes of an old syphilis. Interesting is the fact that the liver is full of fat degeneration and granular nodules, the results of high living and alcohol, yet the patient's history, says this person did not drink.

"These destructive changes in the brain, the heart, and the blood vessels are so marked that I shall preserve these specimens that others may see the destructive effects wrought by alcohol and syphilis. This man's syphilis was untreated, and such an individual is sure to come to an early and painful end. During the years he did live he was a menace to others."

So one after another, the secrets, and real life of that individual were disclosed.

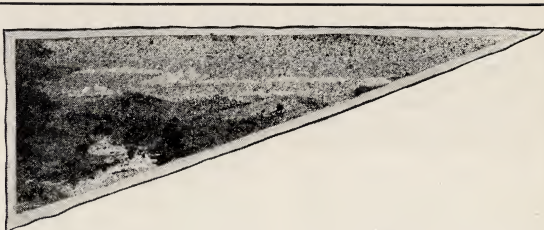
A sorrowing widow, some sympathetic friends, and a clergyman, followed a body shell, with a painted face to the cemetery; but the vital organs of that man remained behind, and became merely a specimen in a jar of alcohol on a dusty shelf.

It is of no consequence what eulogies were spoken at the graveside, or what inscription marks the costly stone. Important is the fact that only the words, "third degree syphilis, and alcohol," mark the labeled jar that contains the brain and heart of that man.

"For the Lord seeth not as man seeth  
For man looketh on the outward appearances  
But the Lord looketh at the heart."



"I would be virtuous for my own sake, though nobody were to know it; as I would be clean for my own sake, though nobody were to see me."—*Shafsbury*.



## The Love of the Storm

By AURELIA PYPER

I 'VE known the love of a crisp winter's day,  
So clear and so sparkling and fair;  
I've known the love of the earliest dawn,  
All fragrant and perfumed and rare;  
And one offered love of a midsummer's night,  
Silvery, comforting, warm;  
Another the love of the first springtime eve;  
But yours was the love of the storm.

Resistless, relentless, unheeding,  
The terrible toll it might take;  
Passionate, cruel, compelling,  
It swept me along in its wake;

Hours of darkness and anguish;  
Moments of soul-blinding bliss;  
Eons of doubt and despairing  
Forgotten in one fiery kiss;

Blinding me now with its glory;  
Numbing me now with its pain;  
Leaving me breathless and helpless;  
Making me hope but in vain;

Pitiless, marvelous, awful,  
It showed me what suffering meant;  
Lashing me on in its fury—  
To cast me aside when 'twas spent.

I still like to think on a clear winter's day,  
And hope when the first blossom forms;  
I still like to dream on a warm summer's night,  
But I tremble with love when its storms.





## Trumpets at Dusk

Continued from  
page 779

ficial was desirous of preventing the extinction of the vanishing birds through confining them in a wild-fowl sanctuary within the Park, meant nothing to the Indian. One hundred dollars did.

Had N'Olol or his mate sensed the drama that was to link their lives with that of Big Walking Bear they would have forsaken their old nesting ground forthwith. But they could not see the piercing black eyes of the red man narrow into speculative, avaricious slits; they could not read his thoughts.

A complacent assurance of easily earned money explained the glinting black eyes, the satisfied straightening of the loose mouth as the Indian quitted his vigil to return to his cabin. There would be sufficient time to deal with the swans after they had nested. Then perhaps there would be four swans—or possibly six. That would mean more money.

For two weeks after their wearied landing on the icy bosom of Little Echo Lake, the two swans did little but float serenely about or search for food along the southern edge. Like the emergence from a toneless gray chrysalis of the beautiful lunar moth, the mountain fastness in those two weeks underwent a palpable transformation.

From an unsightly, ice encumbered pond, whose turgid waters had received the first wildfowl, Little Echo Lake changed to a radiant, sparkling drop of blue. Against a cerulean background it reflected the coruscations of the sun on the high snowfields and the white cloud wisps that traversed the valley. Changed, too, was the converging shore.

The ice crusts were gone from beneath the melting snow that had trickled through the dry marsh grass. Amid the dead stalks fresh, green shoots thrust up. Wild duck potatoes were bursting from their winter corms. Farther back on shore coarse bunch grass turned emerald palmate leaves toward the sun. Moss flowers clustered profusely about; other wildflowers appeared overnight. Spring was well along.

N'OLOR began to find himself alone for ever-increasing periods as the days passed. A rift appeared in the intimate com-

panionship which had existed between him and his life mate since their arrival. She seemed less and less concerned about their customary trips down the lakeside to delve amongst the fresh roots and shoots along the overhanging bank.

She was far more interested in a little grassy knoll a few rods removed from the marsh edge. Each day she walked to its summit and paraded inquiringly about, pulling here and there at a dried grass blade or stem of withered weed. One day she took a large billful of marsh grass up and deposited it upon the knoll.

Many trips followed. She transported grass, stalks and even a stray sprig of evergreen brought down by Little Lost Creek. N'Olol either followed her about curiously or floated nearby in calm majesty while these mysterious actions were being indulged in. He had at first tried coaxing and later bullying her into following him. Then he ceased such attempts. Apparently he recalled that each previous year the same thing had occurred and relegated it to the unexplainable.

His mate remained close about the nest for a day or two, pulling feathers and large quantities of down from her immaculate breast. Came a day when she elected to remain there almost constantly. She came to the lakeshore only at rare intervals to drink or pull up a few mouthfuls of grass.

N'Olol was left to his own devices. At first he fraternized somewhat with a few Canadian geese who appeared in a similar deserted predicament. But for the most part he was accustomed to float out in the lake, sedate, aloof—a monarch in his own right.

Days passed. N'Olol became increasingly aware that he was looked to by his mate as guardian and protector of that knoll whereon she sat in complacent solitude. His trips to the lake became less frequent.

NEARBY was another bit of shore rising away from the marsh and on it a small colony of geese nested. Occasionally N'Olol would stalk arrogantly past them on his way to and from the knoll. He realized the time was fast approaching when his mate would leave her nest to usher into the

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water a file of sprawling, rusty colored bits of down, to float about her while she impressed the lesser wildfowl of her regal importance. And N'Olör wanted the geese to know that he, too, was in some manner connected with that event when it should occur.

He was as yet unaware of Big Walking Bear. The Indian kept faithfully away from the nesting grounds, but every day he made his way to the granite point and assured himself the female swan was on her nest.

It was nearly time for his mate to lead forth her brood before N'Olör had opportunity to see within the nest. One day when she had gone to the lakeside for a drink, he stepped close to the mysterious hollow and saw deep in the fluffy swansdown, the dull white gleam of five eggs. He had seen her eggs in past years, but always they were a curiosity to him.

He walked closer to peer in. A warning hiss from his returning mate gave him scant time to turn a full breast and partly outstretched wing against her sudden attack. She drove him away with wrathful hisses and indignant trumpet calls until she judged he was sufficiently distant, then settled herself in the nest and appeared to forget the matter.

This outburst of temperament did not greatly alarm N'Olör. He understood he was to busy himself with sentinel duty and leave other matters to his peculiar mate. He did not go away and sulk but remained close about the knoll. His proximity was soon to stand him in good stead.

**A**ROSE dawn played fingers of opalescent light about the snowy crags of the Missions, reaching down toward the lake still partially veiled by the nigrescent overshadowing of the tall evergreens. N'Olör, awake at the first pale haze to suffuse the mountain tops, had repaired to the lake. His mate, desirous of a drink, quitted the nest a few moments later and followed.

Behind a clump of bunch grass farther up the slope, a pair of greedy, feral eyes focused on the unprotected nest. The squat body of a silent skunk slid around the hummock and edged cautiously forward. In an instant he was in the vacated nest. Yellow teeth clicked through the shell of an egg

and he began to gobble its contents in gluttonous haste.

The nesting swan, her drink completed, was returning leisurely up the knoll. She was within a few feet of the nest before she discovered the marauder. The skunk saw her at the same instant.

With an angry, vibrant hiss and threatening outspread wings she beat down upon him. Giving a twisting leap the skunk elevated his bushy tail. A jet of blinding, offensive secretion shot toward the white destruction flying at him.

The swan's open black bill and blazing brown eyes were above the perineal ejection. It sprayed about her breast and legs. Her horny bill cracked down across the interloper's flat skull. With a squeal the skunk leaped clear, retreating across the nest. Beating her tremendous wings and trumpeting a clarion war cry, the swan followed. N'Olör came flying back, sounding an answering trumpet. The nearby nesting fowls joined in with wild clamor until pandemonium claimed the marshside.

The female swan abandoned the chase after the intruder took refuge beneath the remains of a deserted beaver dam. She returned to parade excitedly about her ravaged nest. Two eggs were broken and two were slightly cracked. The nest was badly awry. The fight had raged directly across it.

N'Olör's mate finally descended to the lake and swam about in the water and through the rushes, washing diligently. On shore she slid along in the lush grass on her breast and sides, cleansing herself as best she could. When she was rid for the most part of the offensive odor she returned to her nest. After

restoring some semblance of order she resumed her setting.

**W**ITHIN a week after the incident with the skunk, the female swan stepped from her nest one morning and turned to view the lone result of her tedious task. The single egg to escape unscathed had hatched during the night. Amid the dull white flakes of broken shell sprawled an ungainly, rusty-colored youngster who essayed at once to waddle through the fluffy down and follow his parent.

His mother stepped proudly about the knoll offering sibilant syllables of encouragement. N'Olör, attracted by the unusual proceedings, marched closer and peered at his offspring with a patronizing mien. When at last the young swan tumbled over the edge of the nest, his male parent moved slowly down the knoll to the water's edge. The mother with matronly concern herded the little one behind him.

The three slipped into the water and floated proudly about. N'Olör sent a sonorous trumpet of relief into the air. This occasion marked the termination of his more or less lonely existence the past few weeks. Following a preliminary excursion amongst a few families of ducks and geese (a sort of triumphal procession to display his family) N'Olör led the way to an overhanging bank where the shadow of the tangled shore brush laid a quavering chiaroscuro over the placid waters.

There they passed the remainder of the day. The parents showed their small son the mysteries of the great wet world that lay about them. Bits of shore floatam were examined as to edibility; blades of grass were snipped off and eaten. His mother showed him how to stretch his neck beneath the surface and search for tender morsels in the mud. This last part was not much to the little swan's liking. He much preferred looking at all the strange things on the surface or along the shore to peering and prying about in the roily water below.

Then, that evening, as N'Olör led his charges ashore the insidious finger of tragedy stretched forth again and indicated the trio of trumpeter swans.

On the shore was a pile of drift-

## Rain

By Elizabeth Brown

**F**ALL softly, rain, through the soft shade of trees  
Into the hidden wood where spent leaves lie  
Close to the earth.  
Fall tenderly from white infinities,  
Fall silverly and softly from the sky,  
And fill our dearth:  
For we have been provoked to barren mirth  
My soul and I.  
We have a need of your cool charity,  
That bounty which bestows  
Alike upon the maggot and the rose  
The heavenly tears of mercy, shed on all  
Who are in thrall  
To misery, to all in bonds to pain.  
Fall softly, rain.



wood cast up by the spring flood. Beyond was the high ground where nested the small colony of Canadian geese. It was past these that the vanity of the male swan demanded he lead his family. This gesture of pride and ostentation brought swift disaster.

Crouched in tense expectancy behind a projecting stick of driftwood was a tawny weasel, hungry, vicious. Twice that day he had tried for a dinner and missed. His red eyes glittered with impotent malice. He trembled perceptibly, ears alert, nose twitching.

N'Olol led. His mate brought up the rear, her son waddling before her. The great bulk of the male swan passed within three feet of the waiting weasel. He neither saw nor scented the couchant enemy. The baby swan wobbled past the projecting stick.

Came a flash of bronze body. A click of teeth, sure and lethal. A scarcely audible gurgling. The weasel turned toward the security of the drift dragging the baby swan by the neck.

Scarcely had the weasel struck before the mother swan was at him like a white tornado. Without dropping his prey the lithe body dodged, evading death by the width of a grass blade. N'Olol turned with a startled hiss of rage. Closing in from the right he cut off immediate retreat for the weasel.

N'Olol's anger turned to berserk fury. His bill shot down catching the weasel in the middle of the back. There was a squeal of pain; the dead swan dropped from suddenly relaxed jaws. The weasel, wrenching free dashed once more toward the drift. The singing pinions of N'Olol's mate caught him and swept him back.

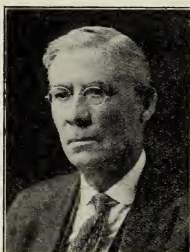
A sudden, battering-ram drive of N'Olol's black head and his corneous bill snapped shut on the murderer's neck. The swan tightened his grip and threshed the little body madly about on the hard ground. Not until the weasel lay inert did N'Olol cease his mad attack. Then he trumpeted and beat his great wings as he ran excitedly about his dead enemy.

**H**IS mate was hovering solicitously about the little dead swan. The weasel's teeth had snapped the small neck like matchwood. For several minutes the mother walked about her dead baby with throaty sounds of anx-

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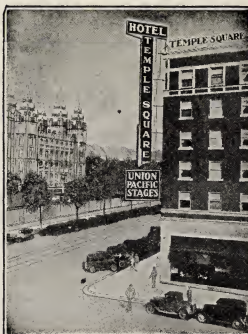
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ious admonition. Deep within her perhaps she sensed the baby would never rise and follow her, but some urge bade her remain and make the futile attempt.

After a few moments, eliciting no response, N'Olor and his mate became quiet. They abandoned their dead and in funeral silence stalked past the knoll where the happy gray geese and their young were bickering excitedly about the noise of the tragic battle. No glance or sign of recognition did the trumpeter swans make as they passed. In silence they made their way to their lonely knoll and in silence settled down to pass the fast approaching night.

Big Walking Bear the following morning saw the black-billed pair float the quiet waters of Little Echo Lake alone. The small charge they had displayed so proudly the previous day was absent. The Indian rightly guessed the reason and swore a white man's oath at the harsh law of nature that robbed him of perhaps additional bounty.

Abandoning all other activities, the Indian watched the two swans for three entire days. He noted where they swam, where they fed, where they went ashore most frequently. He observed that they were in the habit of passing near the end of a partly submerged log near the southern tip of the lake each time they approached the marsh to feed. That spot he selected as best suited for their capture.

ON the fourth day, while the two were hidden beyond a small rocky peninsula a few rods from the submerged end of the log, Big Walking Bear appeared unnoticed on the shore. Just before the time the swans usually made for the marsh to feed, the Indian, nude, his coppery skin a harmonizing bit of color amid the blue and green of lake and forest, slipped noiselessly into the chill water.

In one hand he carried a curved piece of pine bark. About his neck dangled two rawhide thongs. He waded to the outer end of the log where the water was perhaps five feet in depth. He placed the bit of half-cylindrical bark across the top of his head and sank to his knees until the lower edges of the bark touched the water. His alert black eyes peered from beneath the bark camouflage; motionless he awaited the approach of the swans.

He had not long to wait. Gliding with graceful ease, N'Olor and his mate appeared around the point of land, moving slowly toward the marsh. Their course would bring them within a few feet of the waiting Indian. Slowly they came on.

Big Walking Bear sank silently beneath the surface. The piece of bark floated calmly beside the end of the sunken log.

A few deft motions and the Indian was directly in the pathway of the birds. Turning on his back he opened his eyes and peered up through the translucent water. A yard distant moved the shadowy nigrescent feet of the wildfowl. Their white bodies cast quivering shadows across the submerged Indian. Big Walking Bear rose slowly upward; his strong bronzed hands reached toward the paddling legs.

Some unexplainable urge caused N'Olor at that very instant to attempt to dive. His suddenly down-thrust head gave him an indistinct vision of the submarine bulk below an instant before the Indian's hand closed about his right leg.

Trumpeting his fright, N'Olor sought to fly. His tremendous wings fanned the air and his hissing, whistling cry of terror was mingled with that of his mate as she, too, felt an iron hand clamp about her legs.

Big Walking Bear found it difficult to cope with the fear-crazed struggles of both swans. It had been his plan to pull the birds beneath the surface and check the power of their wings while he got astride one and held it with his legs. Then he could bind the other with one of the thongs.

His slight hold on N'Olor's leg was insufficient. The Indian was lifted half clear of the water as both swans attempted simultaneous flight. The female swan struggled desperately. Big Walking Bear was forced at last to free N'Olor and turn his entire attention to her. N'Olor swept from the lake on terrified wings and trumpeting a danger cry to the whole valley, sailed southward up Little Lost Creek.

The Indian had trouble enough with one swan. He managed to grasp one wing and partially pull her beneath the surface. She still struggled valiantly. Her captor



hooked a naked leg across her slender neck and thrust her bodily beneath the water. When she ceased to struggle he would haul her ashore and revive her. He had often done the trick with Canadian geese.

After a reasonable time, Big Walking Bear felt the swan relax and bringing her to the surface started ashore. She came to life with an abruptness that all but won her freedom. One wing cut the Indian's face. Her bill thrust fiercely at his eye and opened a gash across one high-boned cheek.

Dull anger mounted within the Indian. The loss of the other swan had made him surly enough. The fighting female made him lose all reason. With a curse he plunged

her again beneath the surface. When he brought her up this time she would not fight back. He knew how to handle her kind.

Her struggles became less violent, became barely perceptible, ceased. Big Walking Bear dragged her ashore and tried to revive her. His attempts at resuscitation were futile. The trumpeter swan was dead.

N'OLOR had flown far up the narrow valley. He was alone, bewildered. Near evening he returned.

Thrice he circled the lake. His sonorous calls for his lost mate, sadly musical, reverberated in futile echo against the impregnable Missions.

Golden sunlight streamed misty bars across the tops of the giant fir and spruce that crowded close to the western shore. Quiet shadows quivered on the blue water in a ragged silhouette of reflected shoreline. As the sun slid beyond the distant peaks and the blue net of evening closed slowly about the lake, N'Olór glided to a landing far out upon its surface.

There the evening breeze sent miniature whitecaps shoreward in endless undulation; there N'Oló floated serenely, sadly alone; and there as dusk dragged its silky meshes tight about Little Echo Lake, the lonely bird, far out on its bosom, sent a last trembling trumpet call into the empty unanswered sky.



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# Your Page and Ours

HERE IS MOTHER GOOSE BROUGHT UP TO DATE—  
VERY MUCH UP TO DATE

WALL STREET

**HUMPTY DUMPTY** had a great fall;  
His tumble upset the finances of all.  
Morgan's huge millions and keen Wall Street men,  
Couldn't put Humpty together again.

Men were despoiled of their stocks and their cash;  
Widows lost all in the ruinous crash.  
Bankers and brokers were in a bad way,  
For millions of lambkins it was a black day.  
They suddenly found, alack and alas,  
That Humpty was principally water and gas.

The moral this teaches is now very plain:  
Never Trust Humpty Dumpty again!  
—Grenville Kleiser, in the *Pathfinder*.

## A TESTIMONY FROM PHOENIX—AN EXCERPT FROM A LETTER TO THE BUSINESS OFFICE

"September 28, 1933.

It is a splendid publication and should be found in the homes  
of our Latter-day Saints.

"I am sure *The Improvement Era* would be good for any  
or all people who are interested in good reading, that will  
have a lasting impression on the mind, and in that way build  
up character and good citizenship.

"E. J. B."

**MR. D. J.** writes that "Recent events have made that Great  
Salt Lake article which you accepted for *The Improvement Era* a satisfaction. It pointed out the desirability of  
another resort at Black Rock; the resort is now there. It  
foretold the building of a new straight road from down town  
Salt Lake City to Black Rock; it is now there. The article  
also told of the big soda bed under the sand near Saltair; and  
a sodium factory is now erected and operating there."

Of course all this merely confirms our opinion of the article.  
We thought it was good. You will find it in the January,  
1932, number of the magazine.

**MARJORIE TAYLOR**, writing for the University of  
Chicago Press, says, "It is our belief that 'The Short  
Bible' will definitely remove from the Bible the stigma of  
being described as 'the book nobody knows.'" We hope she is  
correct. By "The Short Bible" she means the new book  
edited by Dr. Edgar J. Goodspeed and Dr. J. M. P. Smith.  
It is the American translation abbreviated.

**THE** *Era* committee has decided to simplify binding of the  
volumes of *The Improvement Eras* by beginning the  
volumes with the January number. This change will make  
no difference to subscribers except that we advise them to  
include the November and the December numbers this year  
in their bound volumes. All those wishing to bind their *Eras*  
may, by writing for it, receive a complete index to the volume  
free.

**JUDGMENT** of the poems of this volume is now proceed-  
ing. We hope to be ready with our announcements of the  
best poems by January.

**WE** hope you enjoyed "The Power of Truth," this num-  
ber, by Dr. William George Jordan. The entire book  
will be published serially. There will be in all eight of these  
thrilling essays.

**THE** pictures for the advertisement of *The Improvement Era*, which appeared on the inside back cover of the  
October number were made and the young lady was posed  
by Mr. Ecker, of the Ecker studio. In the January number  
we'll show you the winners of the photographic contest which  
closed October 30.

THIS CALIFORNIAN LIKED THE "VAMPIRE  
CURRENCY" ARTICLE

"The article 'Vampire Money,' by T. H. Tims was worthy  
of note. Please forward me the gentleman's address or,  
if you have any more of his articles on California, please for-  
ward same by return mail C. O. D.

"Very truly yours,  
"E. O. S."

"P. S. Am renewing subscription through our class  
teacher, 'Mission Ward.'" We especially liked that postscript.

## AH, THE GOOD THAT MEN DO SOMETIMES LIVES AFTER THEM

"Cedar City, Utah, Oct. 10.

I WAS much interested in the editorial you published in the  
last *Era* about the young man who lacked the money to go  
East to school. I felt, like you, that such cases do need more  
consideration and publicity than they get, and that persons who  
help worthy students deserve more credit than is usually  
awarded them.

"As I read the article I was reminded of an old man  
who used to live in my home town. He accumulated a small  
fortune in the cattle business, and as he had no children of  
his own he seemed anxious to help others who needed help.  
I remember once when the Dixie College sent representatives  
to our Sunday afternoon services to encourage young people to  
come to school that fall, this man arose and said he would  
gladly lend anyone money to go to school on and would let  
them have it interest free.

"I found him as good as his word, for when I needed  
money to finish my junior year at the B. Y. U., he very  
willingly loaned it to me. The next year when I repaid him  
I sent the money to his bank and included the interest, but  
when my next bank statement came I found that he had had  
the interest put back on my account.

"In checking up I found that I was only one of a number  
he helped. I know definitely of fifteen students that he  
helped and there may be others. Of that number one now has  
a Ph. D. and is a leading professor in our Church university;  
another is a graduate of the George Washington law school  
in Washington, D. C., and now has a government position  
there; a third left home with a wife and baby and but little  
else. They lived in one room in a basement while he went  
to the U. of U. medical school, but inside of five years he  
owned a substantial interest in the bacteriological laboratory  
where he worked and was drawing a salary of approximately  
\$5000 a year; five of the girls he helped now have Bachelor's  
degrees and have taught or are now teaching in some of the  
leading high schools in the state; in fact practically all of  
the ones he helped have been successful in their chosen field  
and each one can, in a measure, attribute his success to this  
man who had less than a grammar school education.

"When he died in the summer of 1930, most of his fortune  
had slipped from him due to the depression and other mis-  
fortunes, but he never lost a cent that he invested in the  
education of young people. Though his money was gone  
his wealth was not; people came from far and near to show  
their feelings for him. His banker, who was one of the  
speakers at the funeral, took for the text of his sermon  
Christ's admonition to the rich young man, and said that  
truly here was a man who had followed it literally, and in  
passing had left something far more valuable—a number of  
vastly enriched human lives.

"Sincerely yours,  
"E. S."

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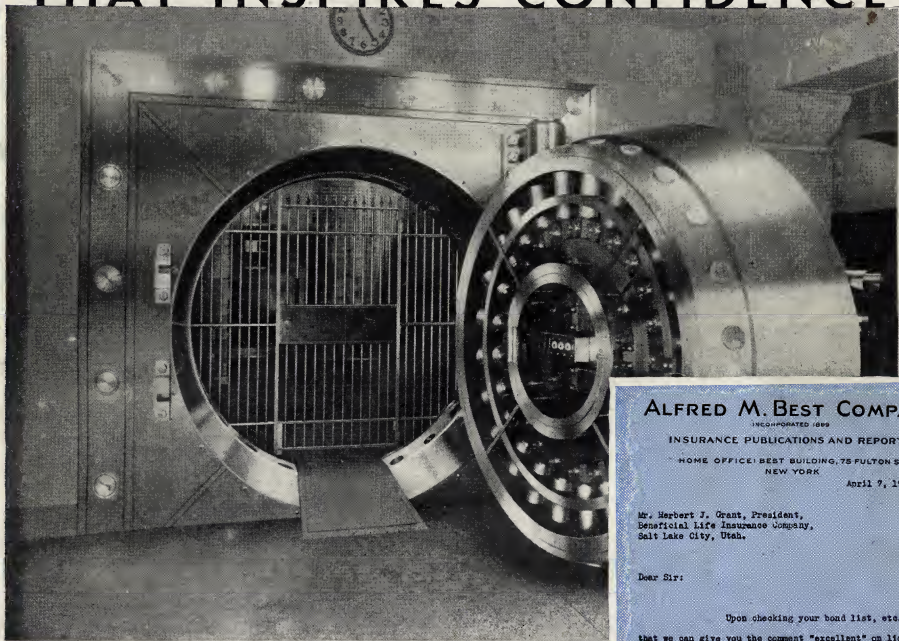
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